THE NATION

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EDITORIALS

CAMPAIGN '72

Strange Victory

To the surprise of no one, President Nixon has scored a massive electoral victory. It was indeed a landslide. But it was not a personal triumph, though Mr. Nixon tried to make it seem so by cutting clear of his party responsibilities; in the estimation of living voters, he continues to rank second from the bottom of the list of American Presidents. Most of the editorials that endorsed him could scarcely conceal the low personal esteem in which he is held. Nor was it a party triumph. The Democrats did better than expected in both the Senate and the House.

Does the election, then, signal the emergence of that much discussed "new majority"? Given the fine showing made by excellent young Democratic contenders, there is no reason to think so. The Republican Party will have great difficulty assimilating those voters who crossed over to cast ballots for the President. In many cases, their votes were a protest against what they thought were McGovern's ideological assumptions. In part, too, the crossover was based on prejudice and fear. There is nothing in Nixon's first term to suggest that he knows how to cope with the sources of these fears or that he has any present intention of undertaking the very considerable structural and legislative reforms that would be necessary. Johnson also scored a landslide victory and we know what happened to him.

Does the Nixon victory, perhaps, represent a massive swing to the Right? The Congressional returns rebut such an inference; the new Congress is likely to be more liberal than the last. Moreover, it should be emphasized that the Democratic nominee was regarded as a Left-liberal or radical, which left a lot of unoccupied ground in the Center into which the President skillfully moved with his trips to Moscow and Peking and his late-blooming "Keynesianism." Does it mean that the Republican Party has been renovated? No again, because the party did not do nearly as well as expected. A victory for the head of the ticket does not realign a party. As James L. Sundquist pointed out in *The Washington Post* (September 24), new issues have "cut across and disturbed the existing alignment" and while these issues have aroused great passion and dominated debate, "they have not driven the major parties to opposite poles"—that is, not yet. A process of realignment has begun, but it has not been completed. The election of 1972 was, in this sense, something of a "freak"; it fell between the old politics and the full emergence of the new, between the breakup of the New Deal coalition and the emergence of a new coalition as represented, to a degree, in the McGovern forces. The key to the strange Nixon victory is really to be found in the nature of the strange campaign that, happily, has now ended.

CAREY MCWILLIAMS

Adding It Up

In next week's *Nation,* Michael Harrington will analyze the Presidential campaign and the voter response, particularly as these relate to the Administration's mandate in the new term. Mr. Harrington, who resigned as national co-chairman of the Socialist Party-Democratic Socialist Federation in a dispute over the party's cool endorsement of McGovern, is the author of *The Other America* and *Socialism* (Saturday Review Press).

Strange Campaign

It was to have been, both nominees agreed, "the clearest choice of the century" but it did not come through to many voters in this light. How did it happen, then, that what promised to be a classic confrontation turned into what various commentators called a "sad and disgraceful," "curiously disjointed," "badly mixed up," "vapid," "non-campaign"? To *Time* it was: "The unhappy campaign," long, curiously unsatisfactory, full of "sour smoke, the fumes of scandal, and somehow little passion."

On the Vietnamese War, a top issue, McGovern's position shifted somewhat. At times he charged that Nixon's plan was a calculated deception; at other times he said that his plan would work whereas Nixon's would not. As a consequence, the argument seemed to be joined on a question of tactics: how best to end the killing or, at least, this country's involvement in it. The war should have been debated in broader and more basic terms: was the four-year prolongation justified? Why was there so much deception, at the highest levels, in what the Administration had to say about Vietnam? How did we become involved in the first place and how might similar disasters be avoided in future? But for the most part, these more significant considerations were not brought forward.

Nor, for that matter, was foreign policy seriously debated. In the last days of the campaign McGovern did raise the issue of American policy toward the U.N. but, in general, foreign policy went begging. Whatever the explanation, the way in which the war and foreign policy issues were presented played into Nixon's hands, as did the fact, whether planned or not, that Kissinger seemed to have secured agreement on a cease-fire which was, we were told, to have been signed on October 31. The last-minute suspense was dramatic and politically astute.

When an incumbent President seeks re-election the basic issue is his record in office. If that record is generally acceptable, the chance of beating him is poor. In Campaign '72 the opposition should have kept the spotlight fixed, from the outset, on Nixon's performance in the White House. But a host of nonissues, some purely symbolic, some cultural rather than political, were permitted to divert attention from the main point. Abortion, bussing, marijuana, amnesty were peripheral considerations. At the same time, there were any number of core issues on which, as the Harris poll indicated, Nixon was extremely vulnerable. Senator Kennedy listed for *The Nation* twenty-five good reasons why Nixon should be retired and he did not list the twenty or so Nixon vetoes. In fact, there was such a multiplicity of specific complaints against Nixon that the attempt to raise them,

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one after the other, created a scatter-gun effect and softened the impact. Then, too, McGovern elected to discuss highly complex proposals of a kind that cannot be debated effectively in a campaign, and which when raised, as on TV with Humphrey in California, spread confusion and misunderstanding. As a result the really telling indicators in Nixon's record, as John Herbers reports in *The New York Times* (November 6), "never got enmeshed in any meaningful sense in the campaign"; in fact, they did not survive the conventions. By October 8 the polls reflected an amazing lack of interest in the issues.

However, there remained to the end a "sleeper"—an unspoken issue—that, more than any other single factor, explains what happened. That decisive issue, notes Jack Rosenthal in *The New York Times* (November 6) was "race—not racism perhaps—but certainly race." The beneficiary, hands down, was Richard Nixon. Rosenthal quotes the Rev. Jesse Jackson as saying: "The real issue is not the bus. It's us." It was not discussed because most Americans, particularly those in the North, East and West, are reluctant to discuss race in public or with strangers. But a study of the *Times*/Yankelovich surveys convinced Rosenthal that "race has been a dirty little secret that is neither little nor secret, but central to current politics." Nixon very cleverly managed to run against the blacks without saying anything about them or about race per se. From its inception, the Southern strategy, so-called, has been aimed at a broader objective than merely picking up some Southern electoral votes. It was and is a device by which prejudice can be exploited in an indirect fashion. Nixon's positions on bussing, on Supreme Court appointments, on "crime," and on "the welfare mess" was a clear signal to white America. He quietly reversed himself on income maintenance when he realized that he had more to gain by catering to white prejudice than by attempting to reform the welfare system.

This clever use of prejudice to cover up a vulnerable record on welfare reform, law and order, civil rights and kindred issues, effected a polarization that, roughly, gave the white vote to the President and the other-than-white vote to McGovern (Godfrey Sperling, Jr., in *The Christian Science Monitor*). Or as columnist Kenneth Crawford put it, "to trade off minority Negro alienation for majority white support." Blacks clearly sensed what was happening and why. William Raspberry summed it up in *The Washington Post*: "The Nixon Administration is the first in recent memory to be viewed by so many black people, at so many levels, and in so many parts of the country as anti-black." All that Nixon needed to do in order to hold perhaps 80 per cent of the Wallace vote, was to emphasize the "secret" message implicit in the Southern strategy. Jack Rosenthal, seeking an answer to the puzzle of the voters' seeming indifference to the more publicized issues—only a bare majority cited even the war as a major national concern—had this to say: "The veiled amalgam of race issues offers an answer to all these anomalies. It is as though large numbers of white voters decided, quietly and early, that Jesse L. Jackson was right and that the fundamental issue is 'them.' " For whatever reasons, McGovern did not bear down heavily on the thrust and meaning of this "secret"

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issue. In *The Nation* of October 9, p. 293, Richard Long of Atlanta University clearly warned the Democrats of what was happening and urged them to meet the issue head-on. Similar warnings were voiced by others, but they went largely unheeded.

Still another "sleeper" was the Presidency itself. There can be hardly any dispute with Denis Brogan's statement (*The Christian Science Monitor*) that "The office of President of the United States has become the great overshadowing force in the American political system." For the last three years, the Senate has been fighting, but without conspicuous success, to regain some degree of control over foreign policy. By invoking that mysterious doctrine, "Executive Privilege," Kissinger is kept isolated from the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. The State Department, or what is left of it, negotiates "agreements," not treaties, and thus by-passes the Senate. Important information is withheld from committees. The power of Congress to authorize a declaration of war has become a relic of our constitutional system. Even the power of the purse has been seriously undercut by such devices as "impounding" funds. The issue of the Presidency itself was of major importance this year for two reasons: the Watergate and other scandals made it clear that the augmented powers of the Presidency have been permitted to devolve on an ever expanding staff of "faceless men" who exercise Presidential power without Congressional control, close Presidential supervision, or scrutiny by the press; and, second, the issue could have been used to get at the quality of Nixon's leadership.

But the President fended off questions and inquiries about the scandals by issuing general White House denials and by making aides "unavailable" for questioning. At the same time, the President disappeared into the Presidency. He went whizzing through northern Ohio so fast, on one of his rare ventures out of seclusion, that his partisans scarcely got a glimpse of him. The press was privileged to see him on closed-circuit television. Press conferences went by the board. Surrogates spoke for him. By remaining incommunicado, the President focused attention on the personality of George McGovern, a relative unknown in national politics. By and large, voters were not satisfied with either nominee, but after the conventions the spotlight never left McGovern and it seldom focused on Nixon. In much the same way, Agnew should have been an issue. The polls showed that many voters had serious reservations about him as a possible successor to the Presidency. But the Vice President was given a "low profile" and this, coupled with the Eagleton fiasco, succeeded in muting the Agnew angle. While there were sharp contrasts between Nixon and McGovern, and between Agnew and Shriver, they were never vividly developed by juxtaposition.

Senator McGovern was also the victim of a tangled media situation. The press devoted little attention to his long uphill struggle in the primaries until it became clear that he was going to win the nomination. Then, since political experts and analysts never like to be caught off target, they zeroed in on McGovern and his staff during the California primary and at Miami. Sen. Frank Church is quoted as saying that the media jumped on the Eagleton affair like "lions falling on a dead buffalo." The Nixon-Agnew attacks had softened up the media, some elements of which apparently felt it necessary to lean over backward in order to prove objectivity, despite the fact that virtually the entire press supported Nixon. Then, too, a dearth of GOP news contributed to the exaggerated attention focused on minor mistakes and squabbles within the McGovern camp. The Republican convention, with its paid cheerleaders and yes men, was so tightly programmed and controlled that the media were driven to cover McGovern and staff with an intensity that hindered the Democrats from getting on top of post-convention problems. The Eagleton disaster was made worse because saturation news coverage made it extremely difficult for McGovern and his people to cope with it. McGovern made the right decision, but ineptly and tardily, and he could not thereafter offset the impression that the screening of possible Vice Presidential nominees had been much too casual.

Nor did McGovern's post-convention performance measure up to his earlier campaigning. He might better have presented himself as a Populist or a radical Democrat, but increasingly he managed to sound and act like another liberal Democrat. Considerable waffling on key issues had the effect of blurring McGovern's pre-convention image and creating a credibility problem. Black voters in Chicago must have been confused if not dismayed by the turn of events which placed Daley, Hanrahan and McGovern on the same platform. That organized labor was divided and the Democratic Party disunited made it doubly difficult for McGovern to tackle major issues. He could argue for cuts in the defense budget but the performance of even Democratic "doves," in votes on various proposed cuts, did not strengthen his position.

So the campaign that was billed as offering "the clearest choice of the century" turned out in many respects to be a non-campaign. Massive, bold and unapologetic spending, and the way in which the Nixon Administration auctioned off political favors in exchange for campaign contributions, merely added to the impression that corruption is as American as apple pie.

Yet disappointing as it was, the campaign was not all wasted effort. The McGovern candidacy has ushered in a process of change not merely in the Democratic Party but in alignments in national politics. The Democratic Party has been pushed to the Left, the old alliances have been disrupted, and new elements have been invited in. Protest and dissent have been contained within the political system. The likelihood that the power brokers will now step in and reassemble the party in the old mold is not great. The performance of the McGovern delegates at Miami incited widespread admiration. They were interested, serious, involved, with a high average educational background. Their emphasis was on issues. They have learned a lot about politics and political organization. True, there were obvious weaknesses. Since most of the activists came from white middle-class backgrounds, bridges must be built to the lower middle class, the working poor and trade unionists.

It should be noted that McGovern won only 25 per cent of the total popular vote cast in the preferential primaries and on the eve of the convention was shown to be the first choice of only about 30 per cent of Demo-

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cratic voters. But as A. James Reichley points out in *Fortune* (September): "The McGovern wave is no passing ripple." The movement McGovern headed has by no means taken firm control of the Democratic Party, but the process has started and it will continue. At this point there is a sound analogy with the Goldwater debacle of 1964. Despite Goldwater's decisive defeat, his recruits took charge and set the stage for Nixon s nomination in 1968. "McGovern," writes Reichley, "was the first choice of only a minority within his own party—but a minority grown strong and insistent enough to command its own political vehicle. The country's level of discontent, however vague and ill defined, has reached a point where it was almost unthinkable that both major parties should continue indefinitely in the middle of the road." It would be very dangerous if they did. Fortunately, the Democratic Party has chosen to become the party of discontent. As Senator McGovern said in his concession statement: "We will shed no tears, because I am positive that this effort will bear fruit in years to come."

CAREY MCWILLIAMS

Blips–Mostly Up

Taking a metaphor from radar, Henry Kissinger declares that progress toward peace is going essentially in accordance with his press conference of October 26, but "there may be blips up and down along the way." In radar there is also an effect called "ground clutter" which obscures blips—that is why attacking aircraft often fly at low altitudes. We have plenty of ground clutter in the present situation, but it may be granted that among the blips that are momentarily visible, more are up than down. This is principally because the Americans, the North Vietnamese and the National Liberation Front are all sick of the war, and only Thieu would like to continue it, since if peace breaks out he will have no occupation.

On the question of whether the nine-point agreement could have been achieved sooner, James Norman has made a survey in the *New York Post* and the ayes seem to have it. Norman himself evidently thinks so, or somebody thought it for him, judging by the two epigraphs which head up his story. Sen. Edward M. Kennedy says, "There will be questions in the minds of parents who have lost their children since 1969—22,000 young Americans. What different conditions exist today that did not exist in 1969?" And Sen. J. W. Fulbright: "What have we gotten in this agreement that we couldn't have gotten four years ago?"

Those who agree with Kennedy and Fulbright, though with reservations in some cases, are Leslie Gelb, head of the group that wrote the Pentagon Papers; Edwin O. Reischauer, Harvard professor and former ambassador to Japan; John Kenneth Galbraith, economist and diplomat; Howard Zinn, Boston University historian and contributor to *The Nation*; former Governor of New York W. Averell Harriman, President Johnson's ambassador to the Paris talks; Ramsey Clark, Attorney General under President Johnson; Theodore Sorenson, aide to President Kennedy; Hans Morgenthau, historian at City University of New York.

Those who disagree include Henry Cabot Lodge, President Nixon's first ambassador to the Paris talks; Anthony Lake, formerly on Henry Kissinger's staff (but he adds that he does not think the gains were worth continuing the war since 1969); Barry Goldwater, who adds that "militarily, North Vietnam can't last more than a month."

Howard Zinn and I. F. Stone are pessimistic about the chances of peace. David Halberstam, noted for his early coverage of the war, feels that the worst part of the Nixon policy was giving President Thieu veto power over the United States. In *The New York Times*, November 7, Flora Lewis enlarges on this theme. Thieu, by virtue of his weakness, has Uncle Sam over a barrel. Without American backing, he would go the way of Ngo Dinh Diem, although he might escape with his life. But after Diem's departure there was near chaos in South Vietnam and the North Vietnamese almost won the war. A repetition of that is the last thing wanted by Nixon, Kissinger, et al.

To all this ground clutter the Administration has added further confusion. Kissinger said that only a few details remain to be ironed out, while Ambassador Porter talks about matters of "substance." As presented by Kissinger, there were supposed to be no secret agreements, but apparently some double bookkeeping is involved. In particular, it is now suggested that North Vietnam agreed to withdraw some or all of 35,000 troops they have deployed in the northern part of South Vietnam. They probably won't do that without a *quid pro quo*, which Mr. Nixon will yield with reluctance, if at all.

Having agreed, the parties are busy hedging on all possible elements of the covenant, such as it is. In a frenzy of activity a splendid arsenal of U.S. arms is being rushed in—big transport planes, helicopters, tanks, ammunition, etc. Apparently we had to keep Thieu in short supply in order to make our threat of withdrawal credible, but now we must bribe him with arms in order to persuade him to be a good puppet and go along with our peace program. Of course the North Vietnamese are also beefing up their forces in the South, but lacking aircraft, they cannot achieve anything like parity.

In sum, there is no peace, There probably will be none for a long time. But the people of the two Vietnams, far more even than the people of the United States, having been told that peace is at hand, will want to see signs of progress toward that end. For that reason, and no other, the blips are up.

Still Another Myth

Richard Nixon is replete with grandiose promises. One of the latest is a "structure of peace" designed to last a generation. How? By abandoning the earlier view, of which he was one of the chief exponents, that the Soviet Union and Communist China are implacable enemies bent on the destruction of the United States, and giving them a place with the United States, Europe and Japan in the world balance of power. Any residual threat will be neutralized by trade relations profitable to both the Communist and capitalist sides.

It goes without saying that in this setup the United States will remain stronger militarily than either, or indeed both, of the Communist powers, and that it will

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attempt to play the one against the other. In this generation of peace there will be no room for internal subversion, insurgency, or other recalcitrance. Law and order will rule supreme the world over, upheld within American client states (almost all dictatorships) by whatever means —torture, repression, etc., the rulers deem expedient.

It is a neat scheme and Nixon and his latterday Metternich must get credit for draftsmanship. But it won't work. It is based on a static world, kept so by force. In the actual world the 2 billion inhabitants of the "developing" nations—which are not developing, as Robert S. McNamara recently pointed out [editorial, "Development . . . For Whom? *The Nation*, October 23]—are bogged down in their wretchedness. Or listen to Kurt Waldheim: the arms race, even if stabilized at the present level, wastes $300 billion a year and before the end of the century chronically impoverished and desperate nations will be getting their hands on atomic bombs. As Richard J. Barnet, who served in the State Department and the U. S. Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, pointed out in the *Evening Star and Washington Daily News* of October 8, the current upsurge of international terrorism is a harbinger of worse to come. The Nixon-Kissinger blueprint is a fantasy.

And what of the American Dream in its benevolent aspect? The means Kissinger and Nixon plan to employ for their generation of peace, Barnet points out, can at best elicit "a widespread cynical acceptance from a morally and politically isolated people. . . . To survive in such a world, Americans will have to develop a numbness to suffering and injustice surpassing even the callousness with which they have watched the destruction of Vietnam." Many Americans, we have seen, can live quite comfortably under such conditions, but if anything is left of our "decent Respect to the Opinions of Mankind" the next four years may see a revulsion which might surprise Mr. Nixon.

A Crack in the Curtain

The Cuban-American curtain should be of particular interest to Americans. We were warned some twelve years ago that the existence of a Communist government 90 miles off our shores was intolerable, and in 1961 we tried to overthrow it; nothing much has happened since. Of course we cannot talk to these subversives, except through the Swiss Government, a by-pass which has become a bit awkward since Cuba is a favorite Caribbean resort for our airline hijackers and it has been necessary to set up a routine for notifying Castro that another pirated plane is coming in and will he kindly return it with passengers and crew. Castro has always complied promptly and with exemplary Latin American courtesy, but he has kept the hijackers.

Not all of them—contrary to the impression most Americans have received. Of seventy air pirates who have sought refuge in Cuba, about twelve have been deported "voluntarily" to Canada as common criminals or mentally disturbed persons. On what terms Canada received them, and whether any have made their way back to the United States, has not been disclosed.

The latest incident, however, may presage a change which, one would think, would be to the benefit of everybody but the hijackers. Charles Tuller, a recently resigned $26,000-a-year employee of the Department of Commerce in the Office of Minority Business Enterprise, tried to hold up a bank in Arlington, Va., in company with his two sons, 19 and 18, and a friend, also 18. They failed to get any money but killed the bank manager and a policeman. All four escaped and the FAA sent out a warning to airlines that they might try to hijack a plane; but many such warnings are issued and the effect is like crying "wolf."

The Tuller gang, however, proceeded according to prediction and, in hijacking a 727 jet at Houston, killed one airline employee and wounded another. When the plane landed in Havana the four were taken into custody. Shortly thereafter the crack appeared in the curtain. Through channels, the State Department asked Cuba to extradite the hijackers. Usually no answer is received to such appeals, but this time the Cubans replied at once, requesting information about the circumstances of the hijacking and the earlier bank robbery. The State Department is supplying the information, and Charles W. Bray, its spokesman, said the Cuban note raised "some questions of a more general nature in this area of interest [hijacking] which we are in the process of pondering."

A special circumstance in the Tuller case is that the slain policeman was a native of Cuba and so is his wife, Sarah Gonzales, who has been trying to reach an official at the Cuban delegation to the U.N. to urge action toward extradition. Given the quite justified anxiety in this country about crime in general and aerial piracy in particular, Castro could score a publicity coup by sending back Tuller and the three teen-agers. He should have done something like this long ago, but it must not be forgotten that for years we have encouraged Cuban expatriates to hijack boats and planes to get to the United States and have not returned any of them to Cuba. Castro's refusal to extradite criminals has been in retaliation for that policy. At the same time, he has by no means been coddling air pirates. *Time* (November 13) quotes a British airline official: "If you hijack a plane to Cuba these days, you have an excellent chance of spending the rest of your life in prison."

Another party to this controversy is the airline pilots. They believe that the only solution to the problem is for all nations to pledge themselves to extradite or prosecute hijackers. John J. O'Donnell, president of the Airline Pilots Association, has sent Castro a telegram asking for the return of the Tuller group and requesting a meeting. "I am prepared to go anywhere in the world—Cuba, Canada, Mexico or any other nation you may select," O'Donnell wired, "to meet with you or your officials to effect the return of these criminals, leading to their swift trial and prosecution in the United States."

By this direct action, Mr. O'Donnell set a good example for President Nixon. This nonsense about communicating with the Cubans only through an intermediary nation has about run its course. Nonintercourse between Cuba and the United States, except through hijackings, is damaging to both countries. What better use could Mr. Nixon find for his super-diplomat, Henry Kissinger, than to send him to talk with Castro?

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WHO NEEDS A WAR ECONOMY?

SEYMOUR MELMAN
Mr. Melman, professor of industrial engineering at Columbia University, is the author of Pentagon Capitalism *(McGraw-Hill).*

> "It's a helluva thing to say, but our economy needs a war. Defense spending should be increased to make more jobs for people."

Those are the words of a utility worker in Fredericksburg, W. Va., reported by the veteran opinion analyst Samuel Lubell in the August 14th Washington *Star*. One of the things that Lubell discovered on a multi-state tour was that, "In every community sample the argument rages: do we need a war?"

During the last quarter century in the United States, an unspoken consensus has developed across political and ideological lines and across class lines. It is that a war economy encourages high employment and is in general good for prosperity. From being "good for" it is only a short step to "essential for."

For twenty-five years most of the nation's research and development talent, 80 per cent of federal research money, and the top technological institutes of the nation have been devoted to the military arts. Despite this effort—indeed, perhaps because of it—we have reached real limits of military power. It's no use having more or "better" nuclear weapons, since people can be destroyed only once. And the war in Vietnam is a bitter lesson on the limits of even the most powerful conventional armed forces.

At the same time, because talent, money and social energy are concentrated on the military, the civilian technology at the base of the American economy has been depleted. That is the main fact underlying the growing inability of many U.S. industries to compete in the world market and even the domestic market. Inability to serve an evident market is the hallmark of industrial depletion —economic and technological.

If these processes continue, economic and other deterioration of the U.S. economy and society can become irreversible. That irreversibility is reached when three conditions obtain: where there is no understanding of the causes of the problem; when there is available no theory of how to reconstruct the economy; and when there is available no corps of people who are technically competent to design and perform the industrial and other reconstruction.

Who needs a war economy today? It is needed by the men in the White House and the Pentagon who are the top managers of the military-industrial empire. And it is needed by the employees—from highest to lowest—of the nonconvertible institutions of military economy. Nonconvertibility can be an inherent characteristic of some firms and institutions; it can also be created where it is not necessarily inherent. Thus, the obstinacy with which the most recent federal administrations have prevented planning for conversion from military to civilian economy has been a major contribution to nonconvertibility, thereby rendering a population hostage to a military economy.

A war economy is one in which preparing for war or waging war is the dominant activity. What does "dominant" mean? In an industrial-capitalist economy, to dominate means first, to have priority control over capital. In 1939, for every dollar of corporate after-tax profit, military spending was 21¢. By 1971, for every dollar of corporate after-tax profit, the budget of the Department of Defense was $1.41. That means that by 1971 the Pentagon had superseded private firms in control over capital. Second, dominating industrial-capitalist economy means controlling industrial technology. For twenty-five years the military agencies of the federal government have dominated U.S. research and development: of $200 billion of federal money spent for R&D since World War II, 80 per cent was applied to defense, space and the Atomic Energy Commission. Third, the military agencies, by virtue of their control over research, have strongly influenced the curricula for training the people who carry in their minds the possibility of creating new technology. Together with technical research, they are the core production of an industrial society.

On functional economic grounds one can and must differentiate between military and nonmilitary work and production. Nonmilitary activity contributes to the level of living or to capability for further production of all kinds. Military activity does not contribute economically either to the level of living or to further production.

What have been the economic consequences of a war economy sustained over a quarter century? I shall identify twenty such consequences for American society:

(*1*) The federal government has become the chief controller of the economy by controlling capital and the largest number of employees.

(*2*) Twenty thousand firms, serving the military and directed by the Pentagon have been able to maximize cost, and thus also government subsidy, as a way to maintain or enlarge the decision power of management.

(*3*) One-half to two-thirds of the science and engineering research brains of the nation have been concentrated on military and related technology.

(*4*) Engineering and technical schools have been oriented to produce technology relevant to the military. Thus, while electronics for aerospace has been elaborately developed, power engineering has been neglected.

(*5*) The United States has developed an extraordinarily high ratio of military expenditure to gross domestic fixed investment. During 1967-69 the U.S. ratio was 52.8 per cent; in West Germany it was 14 per cent; in Japan, 2.3.

(*6*) U.S. civilian industry has become increasingly hard-pressed to offset the difference between American and foreign wage rates. For a century this country was able to compensate for cheaper foreign labor by sustaining a high enough level of productivity per worker so that products were competitive on the home market. That competence is being eroded in many U.S. industries.

(*7*) As a further consequence of growing inability to compete, key U.S. industries have been losing their positions in the world market as well. For example, the

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American machine-tool industry was first in the world until a few years ago; it is now in third place and is also losing the technological edge that is based on innovation in research and design.

(*8*) The U.S. economy has developed and sustained an imbalance of trade and an imbalance of payments unfavorable to the United States.

(*9*) The country has been losing its gold reserves and its ability to redeem dollars held abroad in gold or other hard currency; as a result, the financial, and allied political, competence of the U.S. Government has declined.

(*10*) U.S. factories have been moving abroad in search of superior opportunities for investment and growth. This has cost the United States at least 1 million jobs.

(*11*) The flight of capital from the United States is unprecedented in the economic history of any country. In 1961 the United States had $31 billion in direct investments abroad. By 1971 an additional $47 billion of capital had left the country. This outflow is an unspoken opinion of the viability of American economy and society—cast mainly by American-based multi-national corporations.

(*12*) A rapid price inflation is eroding earnings and savings of every sort.

(*13*) Technical and economic depletion besets the industries that serve the domestic market. For example, the present housing industry cannot offer a product that is salable or rentable to the less affluent half of the population. Where are the social energies, the money and the brains that would be needed for any serious effort to reconstruct this important industry? Secretary Romney recently complained to the Congress that the entire budget for his Department of Housing and Urban Development was not even half as great as the budget assigned to the Department of Defense for research and development alone.

(*14*) The services provided for the domestic population are deteriorating. With money, brains and social energy concentrated on the military, many medical services have been allowed to become second rate. Thus the wealthiest country in the world ranks fourteenth among nations in infant mortality rates and eighth in the ratio of doctors to population. Last year the United States, alone among large countries, showed a decline in the life expectancy of adult males. The American College of Surgeons and recently the National Academy of Science have called attention to the calamitous condition of emergency medical care in the United States.

(*15*) The war economy has been using up the capital fund that would be needed for economic development and reconstruction in the United States. Thus our military expenditures since 1945 amount to $1,300 billion, a sum exceeding the value of all residential and all commercial structures on the surface of the United States. What has been expended is equivalent to the capital that would be required literally to reconstruct most of the country. Instead, we have bought armed forces and bases for a program of Vietnam-type wars, and the ability to annihilate every Soviet city twenty-seven times over.

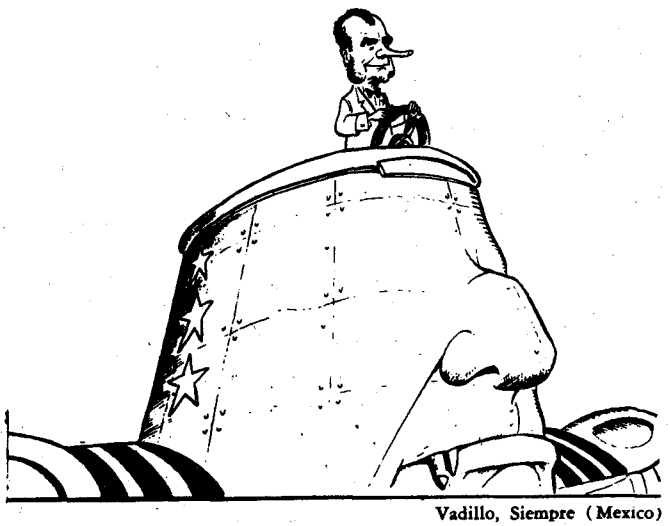
(*16*) The war economy has used up the capital funds needed to sponsor economic development abroad. One consequence is a growing gap between levels of living and of industrial development generally in the have and have-not nations of the world.

(*17*) The U.S. Government has become the world's largest merchant of arms.

(*18*) Ten per cent of the U.S. labor force has become directly dependent on the military economy for employment and income. This 10 per cent, concentrated by state, industry and occupation, has been made into a hostage for continuing the war economy. That is the result of successful prevention of all conversion planning by the federal government.

(*19*) The war economy is increasingly being used by the federal executive as an instrument for manipulating general economic activity.

(*20*) A given state's participation in the war economy is cited by members of Congress as an indicator of the services they have rendered to their communities.



Vadillo, Siempre (Mexico)

Americans (but no other people) learned a spurious wisdom from the experience of World War II. Two ideas emerged: first, that the industrial capacity of the United States is so indefinitely large as to make possible virtually any combination of guns and butter; second, that military economy means jobs for all and a general economic prosperity. Obviously, the 1940-45 war economy put an end to the unemployment of the Great Depression.

Unnoticed by Americans, however, were the special qualities of the country's World War II experience. U.S. participation lasted only four years, during which the labor force was enlarged by the addition of women, old, young, black, Spanish-speaking Americans and by lengthened work week and work year. The job market has now shriveled, while the continuing war economy fans inflation. It was crucial that the United States never suffered the consequences of military operations on its soil. There was no destruction of U.S. capital facilities. The roads, the railroads, the steel mills, the housing—all lasted through four years without major replacement. Now they are becoming obsolete compared with standards in other industrialized states, and twenty-five years of cold war show that the United States is no exception to the rule that "guns" are a drain on "butter."

For all that, the ideologies justifying a war economy as economically beneficial are still with us. These ideologies have helped to sustain a twenty-five-year war economy, in the manner of a "self-fulfilling prophecy." □

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SOUTHERN ITALY

COMING HOME TO CHAOS

JULIAN HALEVY
*Mr. Halevy, a screen writer and novelist (*The Young Lovers, *Simon & Schuster/Ballantine), has lived in Italy since 1958.*

Rome

The social unrest (some people call it chaos) that threatens Italy is most vividly prefigured in the violence that during the past year has erupted like forest fire throughout the South. From Naples, in the middle of the peninsula, down to the heel and across the straits to Sicily, outbreaks of mass violence have been directed at the most diverse and contradictory targets.

Except for the common denominator of popular anger, the outbreaks appear to be unconnected with one another or with any outside instigation. Each explosion was set off by a different grievance: in Battipaglia, riots were caused by the closing of a small industrial plant; in Caserta, it was a defeat at football; in Avola, a trade union dispute; in Valle del Belice, the earthquake; in Reggio Calabria, a demand that the town become the regional capital; in Naples, a series of riots was triggered by the exploits of a delinquent on a motorcycle; in Castellamare di Stabia, the violence started when local authorities refused to receive a group of unemployed. The issues in conflict and the forces battling are in each case different: town against country; employed workers against the unemployed; shopkeepers against consumers; bureaucratic central authority against local demagogues; small farmers against big; parents against school authorities; builders of apartment houses against the homeless.

Newspapers and TV commentators explain the disorders as a "symptom of the centuries-old malaise of the Mezzogiorno," the name for the underdeveloped Southern half of Italy. It has been suggested that the riots and violence are the result of an epidemic of insanity; something like the hysterical fits of "*tarantismo*," a form of group madness originally attributed to the bite of the tarantula.

What actually does lie behind the outbursts is a growing mass of angry, desperate, dislocated people ready to blame their troubles on anyone or anything. Jobless youth, students without desks or textbooks, earthquake victims living in tents, tobacco smugglers, black-clad women in towns barren of men, old people surviving on grotesquely inadequate pensions, failed emigrants returned to hopelessness—it is a conglomerate mass of human beings whose vivid expectations of a better life, encouraged by the sight of friends and relatives making it to middle-class opulence, have been frustrated. Small businessmen and artisans find their old way of life disintegrating and themselves stripped of status and dignity. The television screen taunts them with offers of automatic dishwashers and Alfa Romeo automobiles manufactured in Naples, in their own backyard. Football and Pop-music-star lotteries (the latter based on a popularity contest between songster celebrities) hold out the promise of riches. But nothing happens. Contemporary Marco Polos return empty-handed from the rich cities of the North. An age-old social fabric disintegrates; families fragment; alienation and guilt embroider the familiar poverty. The outbursts of violence are infantile, aimless, self-destructive. Onto the scene stride petty demagogues, dragging convenient scapegoats and offering a return to order by way of authoritarian security. They are backed by powerful forces, many of them secret. A specter haunts Italy, and it is not communism.

The age-old problems of Italy's South date back to its invasion and military occupation by a series of conquerors: Arab, Norman and Spanish Bourbon. The unification of Italy a century ago seemed to herald a new era, but Garibaldi's and Mazzini's promises of freedom and land were broken by an alliance of Northern oligarchs and Southern *latifondisti* who brutally repressed the revolution. Neglected by absentee government, squeezed and oppressed by landowners and the Mafia, the South rotted in the sun. In the 1920s Mussolini launched the country on a course of empire, but his dreams of colonial expansion crumbled in the rubble of World War II.

The newly founded republic, pumping in American aid and capital, began a long overdue program of agrarian reform and industrialization. The former was too little and too late; the latter has produced tiny enclaves of modern industry remote from the backward, mountainous hinterlands—self-contained automated marvels that create wealth for a very few and worsen life for the vast majority.

For generations of Southern Italians the only solution to poverty and serfdom has been emigration, and during the latter part of the last century and the period before 1914, enormous numbers of Sicilians and Calabrians uprooted themselves and left the country. In 1913, the peak year of emigration, close to a million abandoned their homes and communities, almost all of them departing for other continents.

In the period between the World Wars the flow of humanity from Italy's boot slowed to a trickle. Other countries, principally the United States, raised barriers to immigration, and Italy, for reasons of its own, discouraged emigration abroad and imposed restrictions on internal migration. However, the tap was turned on again after the liberation of Italy at the end of World War II.

The reason for this reversal was that the new republic, though introducing a program of agrarian reform and government-sponsored investment calculated to develop Southern-based export industries, while at the same time helping to maintain the age-old peasant economy, believed that over the short term a safety valve was needed to relieve the pressure of overpopulation. It also hoped that money which migrants abroad sent home in the form of family remittances would contribute significantly to the country's depleted reserves. In fact, the average annual remittance at the end of the 1960s was $800,

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twice the annual income of an agricultural worker in the South.

Beginning in the early 1950s, millions of "*terroni*" (a pejorative term for Southerners) bundled their possessions and themselves into antiquated third-class railway carriages and traveled north to provide unskilled labor for Germany's *Wirtschaftswunder*, French building industry and mines, Swiss hotel kitchens—and, in their own country, to join Fiat and Olivetti assembly lines or lay bricks for new apartment houses in mushrooming Milan and Turin. By 1970, 3.5 million had gone to seek their fortunes.

Meanwhile, according to plan, industry was springing up in the South; steel, chemical and textile mills; petroleum refineries; a network of modern transport. A building industry developed, since new factories and housing for workers were needed. Into the new towns or the suburbs of cities came migrants from the mountain villages inland, drawn by prospects of wages and the novelty of urban living.

Agrarian reform and government investment in agriculture concentrated on a two-pronged program aimed at sustaining small farmers and encouraging the growth of export-geared factory farms. Loans to farm workers helped many to buy the land they were accustomed to tilling as sharecroppers. The immediate need was to appease the land-hungry peasantry; the long-range aim was to modernize agriculture while steering surplus agricultural workers into an expanding labor market. Keeping alive a subsistence agriculture sopped up the overpopulation and gave it food.

Nevertheless, conditions failed to improve. By 1970, it had become apparent that, despite planned investment in depressed areas, aid to agriculture, mass emigration to relieve unemployment, and sizable remittances from relatives in the North and abroad, people in the South, by and large, were worse off than they had been twenty years earlier.

Jobs were fewer. Between 1960 and 1969 the total number had shrunk by more than 10 per cent. The government's own statistics set the loss at 692,000. Taking the country as a whole, 54 per cent of the decrease in employment occurred in the already impoverished South. The reason was that the new industrial developments were colonial, in that they tended to incorporate within themselves an entire production process and to have little or no contact with the surrounding economy.

The impact on the neighboring communities was destructive. Though the new factories employed relatively few workers, those they did hire were highly skilled and commanded good wages. As a result, wage levels rose to a point where local, small-scale manufacturers, using less machinery and more labor, were forced out of business. Figures for regional industrial employment during those years indicate that the arrival of technologically advanced enterprises destroyed more jobs than it created. For example, though almost a million people abandoned farming in the South between 1960 and 1969, only 45,000 got jobs in industry. Some other kind of activity was found by 195,000. The rest survived as best they could or emigrated.

Contributing to the mass exodus from agriculture were: the growth of large-scale, mechanized factory farms (they forced out of business the smaller, less efficient growers); and the fact that investment in agriculture was decreasing. In the early 1950s agriculture accounted for 77 per cent of total investment, whereas the government's Five Year Plan, covering 1965-69, reduced that ratio to 25 per cent. Another factor contributing to the flight from the land was the government policy of economizing on its expenditures to subsistence farmers: the large strategy called for increased investment in export-geared, mechanized agriculture at the expense of the small farmer.

Family remittances from those who had gone north failed to ameliorate the decline. The money sent home was spent on houses and land, electro-domestic appliances and automobiles; none of it went into productive investment. Despite flurries of activity in the building industry, stimulated by a demand for apartments in new urban ghettos, the employment situation deteriorated and the pressure on the individual to emigrate increased.

In terms also of human relations, the crisis of the South has deepened—particularly family relations, still the flesh and bone of Italian society. By contrast with earlier periods of emigration, during which Italians embarked for the New World in family units including, at the least, husband, wife and children, the typical migrant now leaves his family behind. He thinks of going to work in Germany or Switzerland as a temporary expedient. (This in fact is what has been happening, but not for the reasons entertained by the migrant, who optimistically plans to save his earnings and come home with enough money to get the family out of debt and himself launched in an independent venture.) The cost of maintaining a family and setting up a home in foreign parts is prohibitive and would cancel out any advantages the migrant might anticipate. The separation is made just bearable by the possibility of visits home at Christmas and during vacations.

But if it is painful for the migrant (usually male and between the ages of 14 and 29) to be cut off from his roots, for those left behind—fatherless children and women deprived of men—the hurt is far worse. The injury to the family and the community is compounded by the fact that those who migrate are the most active, energetic, intelligent and effective, the young and able-bodied, the initiators on whom the future depends. The mountainous hinterlands are barren of opportunity: everyone escapes who can. Those left behind, young people bound by family obligations (women are still confined to the home) and others too old, sick or fearful to make the break, become increasingly bitter and frustrated.

As the economy and the community wither, a process of social degradation takes place. Shopkeepers, artisans, civil servants, small landowners lose status in the community. Subsistence farmers and underemployed fringe workers sink into a new pauperism, dependent on welfare or precarious, frequently illegal activities. Respect for old values crumbles. A new elite displays itself in conspicuous consumption. Resentments smolder: any spark can set them ablaze.

An explosive element in the social mixture is the

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working class itself, split into segments with interests that rarely coincide and sometimes conflict. Workers in steel, transport, chemicals, textiles and other mechanized industries are strongly organized. Through their unions they fight for better conditions and higher pay linked to productivity, and press the government for housing, schools and social services. Workers in the building trades and other poorly organized industries struggle for the introduction of safety precautions, compensation laws, minimal yearly income, part-time work, wage increases unrelated to productivity but tied to the rising cost of living. Outside industry a huge marginal mass of workers wants jobs and welfare; or failing those, demands to be let earn a living however it can (peddling, smuggling, selling contraband, driving unlicensed cabs, stealing). The consequences for the working class of this split into strong and weak elements, a split which has appeared only within the past ten years, include frequent fratricidal strife. (One example is the conflict implicit in the unions' efforts to do away with the subcontracting or piecework-at-home system.)

The outbreaks of violence during the past year are surface manifestations of mass discontent and anger, proof of the failure of the government's twin policies of encouraging emigration and investment in highly mechanized industry. A new element that now threatens to subject the South to further, even more violent eruptions, is the collapse of the emigration bubble. The traditional safety valve for population pressure is being shut off in Germany, Switzerland and depression-stricken North Italy, and hundreds of thousands of unemployed, like bitter, disillusioned soldiers from a lost war, are coming home to demand a place at the table.

In Switzerland the presence of a growing mass of exploited foreign workers antagonized the Swiss and the issue was seized on by local politicians appealing to racial prejudice in the voters. The government reacted to the growing political threat by closing the border to further Italian immigration. Italians already within the country, faced with discrimination and persecution, decided to go back home. In Germany, meanwhile, employers found it uneconomic to hire Italians, who by agreement among Common Market countries are guaranteed minimum wages and decent housing. Yugoslav workers, not entitled to any minimum standards and willing to work for less than the Italians, now outnumber them. The proportion of Italian workers to those from outside the Common Market countries is decreasing: in 1960 Italians comprised 52 per cent of the foreign workers obtaining work permits in Common Market countries; by 1969 this had shrunk to 17 per cent.

In Northern Italy the worst crisis of the postwar era has shut down factories producing refrigerators and stoves, textile mills and automobile plants. The building industry is at a standstill. Workers from the South are unwelcome. Assailed by a damp, cold climate, grinding inflation, squalid housing and unemployment, the Sicilians and Calabrians are going home.

In the South the returned workers' new skills are of no use to them: there is no work. Of the returning migrants who had not previously held down jobs 60 per cent are unemployed. Of those who left agriculture to go north, 80 per cent return to the land to eke out a bare subsistence. Back where they started from, older and poorer, demoralized by the migratory experience, they wait for a provocation that will crystallize their feelings of injustice and justify releasing them in violent protest.

A. Baldini

Those unable to reintegrate themselves in the old society tend to join other dislocated elements in urban ghettos, where the lack of traditional stabilizing influences encourages crime, hostility between in-groups and, finally, violence. Migration from depressed inland areas continues, feeding new raw energies to the explosive mixture.

Under the present framework of development, social disintegration in the South can only continue at an accelerating rate. The trend of private and government investment is toward industry that replaces rather than adds to existing activities, and the skills required in the new plants exclude more and more people from the body of workers who can even hope for jobs. In the absence of a radical new government policy toward the South, the splitting of the population into warring elements leads increasingly toward social breakdown.

Everything that happens in the South seems to exacerbate the crisis. Government is paralyzed by the endless Machiavellian maneuverings of political leaders. In an area of desperate overpopulation, the Vatican uses its wealth and power to block laws favoring divorce and the spread of information on birth control. The social services are swamped, unable to cope with emergencies. Schools are grotesquely overcrowded while thousands of teachers look for jobs. Prisoners packed in medieval jails and lunatic asylums revolt, and public sympathy is with them. Earthquake victims live in shacks and tents while assistance is bottled up for years in the blind alleys of

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ancient bureaucracy. Pollution of rivers and sea is taken for granted. In the cities, traffic laws are unenforceable: the police shut their eyes to violations. Kidnappings for ransom are frequent; bank and post office robberies a daily occurrence; vendetta murders an ongoing tradition. Public employees are forever on strike—postal clerks, telephone operators, bus drivers, doctors in public hospitals, garbage collectors. Blocks of apartment houses collapse into the sea: the Mafia construction barons who built and sold them and the Mafia-appointed building inspectors who approved them go unpunished.

Meanwhile on the political scene right-wing demagogues exploit the situation, and powerful forces within the government support them. Anarchists accused of throwing bombs are arrested and held in prison for years without trial, while evidence incriminating the Fascist provocateurs responsible is suppressed by the authorities. Fascist political parties organize rallies. Strong-arm squads roam the streets with impunity, beating vendors of opposition newspapers, left-wing students and striking workers. Wrapped in patriotic bunting, Fascist leaders offer the promise of order and the restoration of traditional values. Their appeal to the agonized, desperate South is undeniable and ominous. □

Interstate 75: A Morality Play

DAVID HOLWERK
Mr. Holwerk is a journalist from Kentucky, now living and working in Cincinnati.

Cincinnati

"I'd like to get my hands on the fool that designed this mess; he ought to be shot with a rusty gun," Tom Duff says as he looks around him. Behind and in front of him, as far as he can see, four lanes of traffic are at a standstill. Duff, a tall, wiry young man, sits slouched behind the wheel of his car with his left elbow resting on the edge of the open driver-side window and his left hand draped over the steering wheel. His right hand rests in his lap, holding a can of Stroh's beer from one of the six packs in a styrofoam cooler on the floor. It is quarter past five on a Friday afternoon and the August sun has made the inside of Duff's 1968 Ford into a broiler, so he sucks on his beer regularly as he sits and waits. Occasionally he takes his foot off the brake and the car creeps forward a few feet; the progress is negligible, but Tom Duff doesn't seem to mind.

"I used to get upset," he says, throwing the empty can out the window and taking a fresh beer from the cooler. "Now, hell it don't bother me much. Oh, I used to cuss at 'em and cut over on the shoulder, but now I just move along with it. It backs up like this every Friday, sometimes as early as three o'clock, so you can't beat it. You might as well drink a beer and go along with it." Somewhere back in the traffic people begin to blow their horns, but he just shakes his head. "That don't do any good," he says, taking a pull on his beer as the horns continue to blare.

Tom Duff and the rest of his fellow travelers are caught in the gargantuan traffic jam which forms every Friday afternoon north of the Brent Spence Bridge in Cincinnati. The bridge, named for a former Kentucky Congressman, is a two-tiered concrete structure that carries Interstate 75 over the Ohio River between Cincinnati and Covington, Ky. Its top tier handles three southbound lanes and its bottom level a like number of northbound lanes, but one lane each way is for exit traffic into the downtown areas of the two cities, leaving only two lanes for through traffic over the bridge. Where Tom Duff is sitting, more than a mile from the approach to the bridge, the stopped cars completely fill four lanes, almost all of them heading past Covington. To make matters worse, the four lanes must merge into three for entry onto the bridge, and one of those three must merge to the left immediately after getting on the bridge to avoid having to exit into downtown Covington.

The traffic piles up on the Kentucky side every weekday morning and on the Ohio side every evening, because Interstate 75 serves as the main route for people commuting from Cincinnati's Kentucky suburbs to jobs in the city. These daily traffic jams are no more than normal, at least for metropolitan commuter expressways, and though they are somewhat too much for the bridge to handle without a delay, traffic generally manages to keep moving at some reduced rate of speed. So, during the week, it is possible to think of the bridge bottleneck between Ohio and Kentucky as an example of an average job of highway planning, already obsolete after ten years of use. Just a case of somewhat less than adequate planning and design on the part of the architects and engineers who did the initial work, with no more significance than any of the other bungled planning to which our government has accustomed us.

But on Friday afternoons, the afternoons which Tom Duff knows so well, the southbound approaches to the Brent Spence Bridge take on the aspect of a morality play for planners and social scientists. Because, although the planners of the Interstate Highway System had in mind a series of goals which could be accomplished by the construction of the system, goals which were quite extensively thought out in terms of economics and transportation, they gave little thought to the fact that *people* use the roads. And people, unlike economic development and trucking companies, have a way of turning whatever resources are at hand to their own uses. Which is why Tom Duff now sits, beer in hand, waiting out the traffic north of the bridge.

On an oil company road map, Interstate 75 is a long red line running north and south. From its northern terminus at Sault Sainte Marie on Lake Superior, it passes through the breadth of Michigan, Ohio, Kentucky, Ten-

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nessee, Georgia and Florida, before it ends at Tampa on the Gulf of Mexico, some 1,400 miles later. Like the rest of the interstate highways, it was built to follow existing trade and travel routes: in this case, old U.S. 25, known for years as the Dixie Highway, the quickest route from the industrial population centers of the eastern Midwest to the beaches of Florida.

So the new Interstate 75 was envisioned as a modern, faster, more convenient route for the vacationers of the North, as well as a quicker means of distributing Florida citrus and produce. And it was designed as a link between the new South industries of Atlanta and the factories of the Great Lakes.

All of which it undeniably is. Along any stretch of I-75, going either direction between Detroit and Florida, a large part of the traffic is composed of trucks barreling along at 80, refrigerated trailers with fruits and vegetables, and others with industrial and consumer goods for various markets. There are also a lot of station wagons and campers on the road, with bumper stickers which identify their vacationing drivers by the names of the tourist attractions along the length of 75: Norris Lake, Gatlinburg, The Great Smoky Mountains, Ruby Falls, Six Flags Over Georgia, Disney World, a variety of beaches and caverns and, of course, Rock City.

To that extent, the people who envisioned the purpose of Interstate 75 were correct, for much of the use which is made of the highway is merely an extension of the use which the old road received, and the traffic jam at the bridge in Cincinnati is merely a contemporary manifestation of bottlenecks which the holiday traffic used to cause in small towns along U. S. 25. Then, too, the Interstate Highway System was supposed to open up new areas of the United States—in this case the South—to industrial development and economic growth. Sure enough, there are factories all along 75's route through rural areas, and large signs announce the planning of industrial parks with rail and truck terminal service in surprising places like Georgetown, Ky., and the pine barrens of Georgia. And so, even if these plants and developments are going on because of the cheap, nonunion labor available in the South, the planners were right about what the Interstate would do.

But no one, apparently, ever thought much about the fact that building interstate highways might open up the already developed areas to the people who lived in undeveloped ones. Some people could have told them, of course, or they could have figured it out for themselves if they had looked at any large Northern city. For the 1950s, the decade when the interstate program was conceived and designed, saw the burgeoning of a migration from rural to urban areas, as farmers, miners, sharecroppers went searching in the cities for a job and a house in the suburbs.

Nowhere was this migration more intense than in the area which Interstate 75 crosses after it spans the Ohio at Cincinnati. In the 700 miles north of the Gulf, I-75 runs through the Appalachian coal fields of Kentucky, the hills and TVA country of eastern Tennessee, the red clay and cotton country of Georgia. That is the area which the interstate program was looking to develop and exploit, but even before the road arrived, the people who were to be helped were beginning to leave. Tom Duff, still sitting in his car, creeping toward the bridge into Kentucky, is one of those. He is from Harlan County, Kentucky, deep in the coal fields where strip mining and automation have made jobs scarce. At 27, he is the youngest of three brothers, all of whom live and work in factories in Ohio and Michigan.

"My oldest brother, Walt, left, let's see, I guess it was 1958 or '59," he says, opening another beer. "He

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went into the Army after high school, and when he got out and came back there wasn't much to do. The mines were pretty much closed down at that time and he didn't want to work in the hole too much anyway, so he went up to Detroit and found a job in a plant. My brother, Jim, went up a couple of years later and I went up, oh, 1964, I guess."

Tom Duff works in Dayton at a metal plating factory; his brothers work in Detroit on auto assembly lines. He has a small apartment, knows some girls in Dayton, and drinks a few beers most evenings with some guys from his plant after he gets off at four o'clock. But almost every Friday afternoon he gets in his car after work and heads for the southbound lanes of Interstate 75, stopping before he gets on the road to pick up some beer in preparation for the traffic at the bridge. His plant is on the south side of town, so if he gets out on time, the traffic on 75 through Dayton isn't too bad, and if his car is running well he can get to the bridge backup by 4:45. From then on, as he says, it's just go with it.

Most Friday afternoons, just about the time Tom Duff comes to a stop in Cincinnati, his brothers are leaving Detroit with their wives and kids. They come back to Harlan County for the weekend as often as Tom does, though they have to drive an extra 400 miles to do it. And, occasionally, as he sits in his car and drinks his beer, Tom will see somebody from his area of Kentucky, also waiting more or less patiently to get on the bridge. These are the people whom the planners didn't figure on, these southern Appalachian mountaineers who live a double life, working in the factories during the week and going back to their homes on the weekends. Without them, the Brent Spence Bridge is just a traffic jam, but with them it is an inexcusable piece of foolishness and Tom Duff's idea about the rusty gun makes good sense. Because the bridge that carries Interstate 75 over the Ohio is the door to the South for the thousands of transplanted Southerners who have moved North in recent years. The Southern affinity for family, home and homeland is, it would seem, well enough known and explored so that the planners might have thought about it when they were building the bridge. But they didn't, and so Tom Duff and a lot of other people sit and wait on Friday afternoons.

"When they first opened up this road," he says, "I thought it was the greatest thing in the world, because I figured it'd let me get home quicker on the weekends. But it just made it easier for a lot of people to get back, so now this road's so goddamn crowded it's about as bad as the other one. What this road did, see, was to make it easier to get back to home. You could always drive out to get a job in the factory in a day or so, but this thing made it easier to get back and that's when people really started to leave. Hell, some counties around home, I'll bet they double their population on weekends. I know twenty or thirty guys from right around my home who come back most every week and bring their families with them."

The home which Tom Duff goes back to so often is a small, clapboard structure in a rural area. There is excruciating poverty in Harlan County, but the Duffs aren't particularly poor and have never been on welfare. His father worked in the mines for years and now does a variety of jobs to augment a pension; his mother works part time in a preschool project. To the outsider, there's not much to Harlan County except steep green hills scarred by strip-mine gashes, small houses in varying states of repair, and assorted reminders of the ever present coal industry.

But to Tom Duff and his brothers Harlan County is worth driving 600 or 1,000 miles for. When they get there they won't have much to do except drink some bootleg beer—it's a dry county under Kentucky's local option law—do chores for their parents, and maybe see some of the guys they knew in high school. But Harlan County isn't a city, it isn't a factory, it isn't confusing, and above all, it isn't *Northern.* What it is is home, where there are places and people they know and grew up with, and frankly, though it's hard to admit, love.

So Tom Duff travels Interstate 75 every weekend, just to get back home for a little while. He makes pretty good money at his job, a little more than $3.50 an hour now, but the traveling eats a lot of it up. The 1968 Ford is the eleventh or twelfth car he's had since he came North, and tires don't last too long when they're a little out of balance or the front end isn't quite in line. But, though they play a large part in his life, cars don't matter much to Tom Duff. When one wears out he gets another one, used, from a friend or relative in Harlan County, and tires and other accessories he replaces when and where he needs to and as cheaply as he can. Travel for Tom Duff isn't recreation or work but a transition from one to the other. It's a way he spends ten or eleven hours a week every week, and he doesn't give it any more thought than he does the question of why he goes home so often. It is simply the way he lives.

Still moving slowly along in the traffic jam, halfway through his fifth beer and maybe just a little crocked as a result, Tom Duff grins and guns his engine. He is in the far right-hand lane, and occasionally someone cuts around him on the shoulder as he says he used to do, but he is content to creep along. He has, in fact, gotten almost to the spot where the road splits, with the two right-hand lanes going to the bridge and Kentucky, and he knows that it won't be long until he is moving again. He has been in the Cincinnati traffic a little more than an hour, about average for a summer Friday with a lot of vacationers out, which means he can get home by eleven if he steps on it and his car holds up. The Ford has more than 80,000 miles on it, and the tires are pretty slick, but he figures that he'll make it O.K. Saturday he can look around to see if there's anybody he knows who has a car for sale, and if so maybe he'll buy it this trip. Now, though, he's concentrating on reaching the bridge and getting going.

The car in front of him begins to move a little faster and he accelerates to keep up. Ahead, one of the cars which has cut around on the shoulder is trying to edge into the traffic, but nobody is giving him a chance, least of all Tom Duff, who grins at the driver of the car and gives him the finger as he goes by. He is going about 25 now, hard on the tail of the car in front of him, and the breeze feels good after the heat of sitting stationary for so long. Thirty, 35, and then the car ahead of him,

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a new Chevy Impala, surges forward and leaves him behind. Immediately he grips the steering wheel tighter and presses his accelerator to the floor, looking for the passing gear. The engine roars, coughs, sputters, backfires, then roars and coughs again. "Come on, you son of a bitch," Tom Duff says and stomps the gas pedal harder. Perhaps the extra gas does it, or perhaps a little piece of carbon finally dislodges in the carburetor, or maybe it is simply a breath of Kentucky air as the car finally makes the bridge, but the engine comes to life and the passing gear catches. Forty, 45, 50, 60, with the slightly leaky muffler letting the engine roar a little as he eases over one lane to avoid the Covington exit ramp, and Tom Duff relaxes his grip on the wheel and leans back. "I could drive the rest of it blindfolded," he says, and he means it. □

THE SECURITY STATE OF MIND

ROBERT SOMMER
Mr. Sommer, a member of the Psychology Department at the University of California (Davis), is the author of Design Awareness *(Rinehart) and* Personal Space *(Prentice-Hall).*

At first the gas station wouldn't accept cash after ten in the evening. Then the bus drivers stopped making change any time. Taxi companies installed bulletproof glass and for the first time in history the New York cabbies were silent. Some park rangers began carrying guns. Their original role was protecting the public from wild animals, but this soon changed to protecting the animals from people. Now their task is to protect the people from one another. In many cities Halloween "trick or treat" has been canceled for the protection of children who have been receiving razor blades in apples, needles in candy bars, and hallucinogenic drugs in the gumdrops.

The market in home protection devices is booming. There are call buttons to the police station, windows wired to alarm bells and home radar systems; new housing developments boast twenty-four-hour security guards. Police cars drive down the sidewalk in public parks and through the milling crowds at state fairs or any large public gathering. Always in pairs and unsmiling, they carry guns and riot gear. If you try to say "hello," they reply sheepishly or not at all, as if you had caught them somewhere they shouldn't be. They are particularly watchful of young people whose gregarious behavior seems covered by five different misdemeanor charges and the possible felony of conspiring to congregate. A single loiterer is a potential crowd, since he is likely to be joined by others of similar disposition.

There are uniformed security guards at every shopping center. These rent-a-cops look like police but are attached to some private agency. In California they want themselves classified as peace officers, a move strongly resisted by the regular law-enforcement officials who have enough trouble as it is. At a time when police complain about their public image, it is odd that all these other groups, including university security officers, are attempting to classify themselves legally as police officers.

There are TV cameras everywhere. Smaller stores still use the big parabolic mirrors, but all the larger stores and corporations have switched to television. Somewhere in the bowels of every large building a uniformed man is scanning a bank of screens. One can only wonder how much TV he watches at home. In one Midwestern city an entire street is monitored by TV. Transparent telephone booths are designed to provide visual access for cruising patrol cars.

While the average citizen can get by with three door locks and an elaborate alarm system, identification numbers on all his possessions, several loaded guns readily available in the house ("When guns are outlawed, only outlaws will have guns") and a private neighborhood patrol, more elaborate security measures are required for public officials. The President and his chief advisers, whose itineraries are planned with military precision, fly in special planes from military airports, ride through the countryside in armored limousines, and speak at public gatherings from behind bulletproof glass with armed Secret Service men on either side. The Chief Executive is no longer free to walk among the citizens whose interests he represents. This trend seeps down to his immediate subordinates and their families. State governors, quick to follow the President's lead, have established their own guard to protect themselves from the electorate. Corporate officers and their union counterparts also have bodyguards. Career opportunities in the security fields must be excellent.

In a garrison state the enemy is external—the Russians or the Chinese or the revolutionaries or the whole outside world, but in the security state the potential enemy is your neighbor. Psychologically, an external threat produces fear, an internal one anxiety. There can be a collective mobilization against other nations, a sense of shared national purpose set to martial music, but against an internal threat an individual arms himself and trusts no one, not even the government or the press, which have both been infiltrated. The barricades or ramparts in the security state are the boundaries of one's suburban lot or the triple locked door of one's city apartment with its peephole conveying a convex image of the outside world.

Recently I visited the data-processing center of a large bank. They may have tighter security at San Quentin but I doubt it. In the lobby, security officers walked by every ninety seconds and plain-clothes officers walked by from time to time to eye my brief case suspiciously. To allay their fears I would open the brief case, ostensibly to look at some material, but really to show there was no bomb inside. Upstairs the employees passed through sally ports or "man traps" as they are known locally, before entering or leaving their work areas. These are double doors

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with a security guard in a protected control booth in the center. The entering employee inserts a plastic identification badge in the outside gate and this opens up the first locked door. He then stands inside the sally port while the door is locked behind him and shows his pass to the guard, who acknowledges it by unlocking the second door. This sequence is followed every day by hundreds

of employees in these areas when they come to work, go to lunch or to the rest room, and when they leave in the evening. All the rest rooms in the building are locked and each employee carries a special key. It used to be that only the top executives had special washroom keys, but it is hard to see this new development as a trend toward corporate democracy.

Airports aren't nearly as much fun as they used to be. I used to enjoy watching the passengers nervously filing on board the plane, the joyous welcome for the returning son or daughter, the family waiting for grandma to arrive on her first flight. Now the ticket taker, baggage handlers and other airline personnel treat every customer as a potential hijacker. Does he or does he not fit the top-secret hijacker profile? Hint: Don't under any circumstances try to pay cash for your ticket at the airport. Hint No. 2: Even if you are only making a one-way trip, buy a round-trip ticket and cancel the second half when you get there.

In his new security roles, the dog has become distinctly unfriendly. Man's best friend stands at the border sniffing out marijuana, guards against skyjackers at the airport, and protects thousands of city apartments: he is again being bred for traits of ferociousness and instant obedience, and the child's image of a dog will not be happy Fido or willful Rover.

In the beginning, a person feels uncomfortable about the presence of armed police in the bus station or shopping center or on the subway at night. Later, he feels uncomfortable if he can't see a policeman. The same thing happens with the TV monitors in the corridors of the post office and some public rest rooms. Initially they are regarded as an invasion of privacy but eventually a person becomes uncomfortable when big brother isn't watching. Psychologist Kurt Lewin compared teachers who used authoritarian and democratic methods. The important difference came when the teacher left the room. The democratic group got along reasonably well, but chaos prevailed in the authoritarian classroom. One implication is that an authoritarian system requires constant surveillance of its citizens. If a policeman cannot be physically present, there must be TV monitors, citizens' patrols and remote sensing stations.

There has always been a group of manufacturers and a distribution system for supplying hardware to police departments and private security agencies. This was a modest enterprise, but over the past few years, thanks to the largesse of the Safe Streets Act and the Law Enforcement Assistance Administration (LEAA), the amount of expensive security hardware has increased enormously. There is every reason to expect that attempts to reduce the domestic arms race will be strongly resisted by the internal security counterpart of the military-industrial complex. The more expensive the equipment, the stronger the pressures will be to continue and expand the domestic arms race.

When it comes to internal security there seems to be no way to negotiate a settlement in arms reduction, as there is in the case of national governments. There is no way that a city chief of police can remove the shotguns and automatic rifles from patrol cars in return for a citizens' agreement to refrain from using shotguns and automatic weapons against his men. In the security state the potential enemy is everywhere and there is no one with whom a security chief can negotiate. The outcome is constant vigilance and wariness. Experiments with animals show that constant vigilance can overtax an organism to the point of breakdown. If a dog is trained to expect an electric shock when a bell rings, it can usually adapt to this situation, although it may get an ulcer in the process. However, if the bell rings, and the shock is delayed, anxiety begins to mount to the point where experimental neurosis sets in. The policeman on patrol has heard the bell ring and he must be constantly on guard against the electric shock, and so it is almost with a sense of relief that he comes upon a real crime against person or property, something tangible with which he can deal. The security state with its basic attitude of distrust for one's fellow citizens works the most hardship on its guardians.

All these things cannot help but affect the American psyche. I cannot say it is deliberate preparation for a totalitarian state, but it certainly works out that way. It is not the presence of uniformed security guards and TV monitors; it is the quick adaptation that people make to them that augurs so badly for democracy. Trust and respect for other people is basic to democracy. One cannot be wary and untrustful Mondays through Fridays, and warm and loving on weekends. One cannot regard one's fellow airline passengers as potential hijackers or dangerous maniacs and then talk amiably with them and exchange addresses. Vance Packard laments the great

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mobility of the American family, which moves too frequently and too far from friends and neighbors. My own impression is that people don't have many friends and that neighboring is not what it used to be. In California the backyard fences are frequently erected before the homes. If you ask someone how many friends he has, he wants you to define friendship.

An extensive internal security apparatus will become a self-sustaining and perpetuating aspect of society, with its own economic dependencies and internal dynamic. It took several decades of bitter labor strife to remove railway firemen from diesel locomotives. It will take an equally long time to get the sky marshals and the dogs out of airports once the current wave of hijackings has run its course. While it will not be possible to reverse the move to ever higher levels of internal security overnight, we should at least be aware of how this affects the American psyche. The greatest immediate danger is that, like the Los Angeles citizens' denial of a smog problem or the New Yorker's indifference to Park Avenue affluence a few blocks from abject Harlem poverty, an insidious process of habituation will set in, whereby each increase in security is judged against the previous baseline rather than looked upon in absolute terms. Two hundred new policemen is perhaps a 1 per cent increase in a major city, but it is still 200 policemen and no real security against muggers, rapists or ITT. Increasing the size of our armed forces did not relieve our feelings of national insecurity, and it is not likely that increasing the size of police forces will do much for internal security. What will develop instead is a police-industrial complex that will be equally hard to dislodge or control. □

FARAH SLACKS & PANTS

CHICANOS EXTEND THE BOYCOTT

PHILIP D. ORTEGO
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El Paso

It started with grapes. Then lettuce, and Coors beer. Now it's Farah slacks and pants. The Chicanos have added still another product to their boycott strategy for gaining social, political and economic justice. The latest hassle involves the workers and owners of the Farah Manufacturing Co., operating nine plants in Texas and New Mexico, five of them in El Paso. On the surface, the dispute seems to be one more blow for its rights by an ethnic minority, but at heart the Farah strike is—as Jacob Sheinkman, vice president of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America (ACWA), has described it—part of the continuing struggle between labor and management that has characterized the American labor movement since Samuel Gompers.

Though most people assume that New York is the garment center of the United States, in recent years El Paso has made gains toward capturing that title. A garment industry has sprung up in El Paso for the obvious reason that labor is available more cheaply in the Southwest than in New York. Since most of the employees of Farah are Mexican-Americans, few of whom occupy significant executive positions, much of the company rhetoric about the strike has tried to identify the strikers as having been seduced and turned into malcontents and ingrates by the subversive activities of the Chicano movement. Any attempt on the part of Mexican-Americans in the Southwest to improve their lot in American society is apt to be viewed as subversive. Some inside sources quote William F. (Willie) Farah as saying that he will sell out rather than see his family business unionized. For Willie Farah thinks his role as president of the company is to preserve the management style initiated by his father and continued by his brother when the company was small and growing.

Farah insists that his workers are better paid than other workers in comparable, though unionized, garment shops. Company spokesmen tout the benefits provided—medical clinics and free eye care, free prescription drugs, free life insurance, holiday pay, sick leave, bonuses, lunch at reduced cost, free coffee and rolls, free bus service and generous discounts on Farah products. Contemplating this largesse, company officials profess themselves mystified as to why the employees would demand a union. Farah wonders what more they want.

What the strikers want is that the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America should represent them as bargaining agent in contract negotiations with Farah. For despite the company's proclaimed benevolence, the Farah strikers feel keenly the lack of job security that a union would provide. Moreover, most of the strikers feel demeaned by the blatant patron style of management that has come to characterize not only Farah but other enterprises in the Mexican-American Southwest.

The attempt to unionize Farah began in 1969 and reached a point of critical tension when cutting-room employees at the Farah Gateway plant held an election for union representation on October 14, 1970. The company immediately challenged the election, and the dispute was assigned to the National Labor Relations Board for adjudication. Almost two years later, on September 15, 1972, the NLRB certified the Amalgamated as bargaining agent for the cutting-room employees and designated the union as the "exclusive representative of all employees in such unit for purposes of collective bargaining with respect to rates of pay, wages, hours of employment, and other terms and conditions of employ-

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ment." As soon as the union received word of the decision it sent Willie Farah a letter asking for a meeting "as soon as possible to negotiate a collective bargaining agreement."

But before that, back in May, a walkout had been precipitated by the dismissal of Paul Garza for union activities at the San Antonio plant. When wind of the impending walkout reached company officials at the El Paso plants, they quickly notified their employees that all who walked out would forfeit their jobs. Then, over the public-address system, they played *La Golondrina,* the traditional Mexican song of farewell. Many workers who regarded the selection as insensitive under the circumstances walked off their jobs with the unionizers.

About 500 employees boycotted three plants in El Paso and San Antonio on the first day, May 9; the next day, another 100 to 125 workers walked off the job in support of the unionizers. By then, about 14 per cent of the employees were in revolt. Farah quickly obtained an injunction that forbade picketing within 50 feet of plant property and an order that restrained strikers from interfering with plant operations and employees who wanted to work. On May 13, the strikers held the first of a series of protracted rallies and demonstrations, at Armijo Center in south El Paso. On May 17, on a complaint filed by Farah, Justice of the Peace Lewis issued 189 warrants charging mass picketing, which is prohibited under a 1947 Texas statute; it was immediately challenged by the ACWA. Nearly 1,000 strikers and picketers were arrested before the Amalgamated's challenge overturned the law banning mass picketing. Soon thereafter, the Teamsters' local announced it would honor the Farah picket line, an action that unequivocally identified the strike as a labor-management conflict.

Charges and countercharges occupied the rest of the summer. In one instance, Farah filed a complaint that strikers had prevented Mountain Bell Telephone Co. maintenance men from doing their job on company property. In turn, the ACWA charged Farah with intimidation and harassment. The ACWA has filed with the NLRB a long list of complaints accusing Farah of illegal labor practices. Most of these have been upheld by the NLRB, particularly the charge that the Jarvis Security Co., a private guard service employed by the company, "threatened and intimidated, by the use of guard dogs, striking employees who were . . . engaged in peaceful picketing of the plant."

According to Sheinkman, the biggest obstacle for the Farah workers is the man who runs the company, Willie Farah. It is said that he "looks upon unionization as a challenge to his control and operation . . . and dignity." The protection of Farah dignity has cost the company sales, and the price of its stock has dropped. Before the strike, Farah stock was selling for about $24 a share; it is now down to $11. The company's financial report for the third fiscal quarter reported a loss of $5.1 million; by contrast, in the same period of 1971, the books showed a net profit of $1.7 million. Willie Farah blames the strike, calling it "an unprecedented, unfortunate and unjust labor union attack." Other sources suggest that the decline may be due more to Farah's misjudgment of the market for double-knit slacks than to the strike.

The boycott is obviously working, thanks in no small part to the line-up of celebrities who have urged the nation to refrain from buying Farah's slacks and pants. Sen. Edward Kennedy was among the first public figures openly to support the strikers and to chastise Farah for its labor practices. On August 9, Cesar Chavez spoke to the strikers in El Paso, telling them: "I am bringing the support and solidarity of the farm workers to our striking brothers and sisters of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America." He then urged a boycott of stores handling Farah products.

Addressing the strikers in August, Sen. Joseph Montoya (D., N.M.) accused Farah of using 19th-century tactics. A month later, Sargent Shriver attacked Farah's "12th-century labor practices." In a downpour, unusual for El Paso, Shriver told the strikers, "You are struggling to assert your right and your dignity as human beings created by God in his image and likeness and not in the likeness of the Farah Manufacturing Co." And last month, Wayne Morse, former U.S. Senator from Oregon, joined the growing list of national figures supporting the strikers, "until the Farah Company re-enters the 20th-century Fair Labor Practices under law." It seems to be generally conceded that Willie Farah is not a pioneer of enlightened labor relations.

But labor's heavy guns began to fire on Farah when the AFL-CIO committed its 13.5 million members to support the nationwide boycott. George Meany urged state and local groups of the AFL-CIO to step up their campaign against Farah products, urging local merchants not to sell Farah slacks and to picket those stores that do. (More than 9,000 stores carry Farah slacks.) Meany backed up his commitment with financial support for the families of Farah strikers. Even the National Student Association is supporting the boycott.

Few, save company officials and Willie Farah, believe the company can stave off the union. Bishops Metzger and Flores of Texas have sanctioned the strike. And the AFL-CIO is optimistic about a settlement by year's end or thereabouts. The El Paso Chamber of Commerce, however, is more concerned with the "bad national publicity" the strike is receiving and the consequent damage to the image of El Paso. In its October newsletter the Chamber noted: "The most unfair aspect of the situation is that the union's most potent tool in the Farah issue is intimidation of the company by boycott and the nationally publicized statements of prominent political figures. All apparently legal but certainly unfair to the community and Farah management and employees."

A settlement of the strike satisfactory to the workers will be important, not only as a major advance in a still unorganized area but as the first major strike carried to victory by predominately Mexican-American labor in an area outside of agriculture. In El Paso the implications of a settlement are far-reaching, since Mexican-Americans there are still relatively powerless, despite the fact that they constitute 58 per cent of the community. A settlement at Farah, like the settlement of the grape strike, would go a long way to build up the confidence of Mexican-Americans that they can successfully challenge American institutions. □

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PUTTING IN THE WEATHER FIX

JACK FREED
Mr. Freed, a free-lance writer, was formerly a reporter with the Harrisburg Patriot.

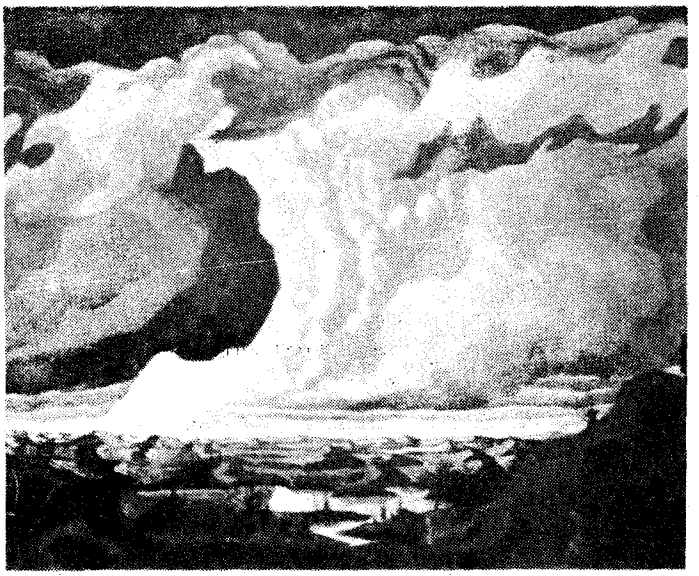
In her novel of the future, *The Four Gated City,* Doris Lessing describes the end of our civilization as arising not from some sudden nuclear holocaust but from a series of minor "accidents"—a plane loaded with poison gas canisters crashing, or a freak weather inversion of pollutants—whose cumulative effect finally destroys our environment. Characters in the novel who sense the developing insanity of technology appear to be psychologically unstable, and some are forced to break away from society and enter the simpler atmosphere of communes.

That was fiction, but in fact a group of people based in southern Pennsylvania and Maryland, members of the Tri-State Natural Weather Association, have for years been concerned with cloud-seeding operations carried out by the United States Government. They say simply that cloud seeding with silver iodide, an acknowledged health hazard, has severely disrupted weather patterns, causing unnatural droughts and floods. Officers of this association, some of them fruit farmers in Pennsylvania's Franklin and Adams Counties and others, members of the faculties at Gettysburg College and Maryland Institute College of Arts, recently asserted that the devastation wrought by Hurricane Agnes was "an act of Congress."

Are they prophets of doom? Crackpots? Maybe; certainly they have been relegated to the alarmist segment of society by state and federal officials whom they have harassed since 1961 for information and a means to make weather modification publicly accountable. It is general knowledge that experiments with the weather have been conducted since the 1950s, with the announced aim of controlling it for the benefit of mankind. Hurricanes could be dissipated, hailstorms prevented from doing damage to farm crops, and rain induced in drought-stricken areas. News stories in the 1960s gave glowing accounts of such undertakings as "Project Stormfury," a project that attempted to set off chain reactions within hurricane storm centers to reduce their intensity or perhaps steer them away from land. It and other projects were carried out by the Environmental Science Services Administration of the U. S. Department of Commerce and the U.S. Navy, with the cooperation of the Air Force.

The other not so widely proclaimed goal of climate control is the military advantage it might give one nation over another. The Pentagon has been suspected of carrying on rain-making activities in flood-prone Indochina. Alleged U. S. bombing of North Vietnam's dikes would appear to be a convenient prelude to monsoon rains, enhanced by a cloud-seeding attack. Sen. Claiborne Pell (D., R.I.), chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations subcommittee on oceans and international environment, in two days of hearings in July drew a blank from State and Defense Department representatives on military weather activities in Indochina.

The Pentagon in 1969 did hail as a success its "precipitation augmentation project" in the Philippines to



Charles Burchfield

"alleviate severe drought conditions." Thus, if the military could make rain fall in a drought-stricken area, one may plausibly suspect that it would be tempted to make rain fall on the flood plains of Vietnam.

However, scientists writing in such publications as the *Journal of Applied Meteorology* and *Science Magazine*, have for the past decade expressed severe doubts as to the predictability of cloud seeding. Generally, small amounts of chemical seeding are believed to trigger rainfall, and larger amounts to inhibit it, but the atmosphere is not a neat laboratory where all factors can be isolated. Maybe a rainstorm was caused by seeding; perhaps it would have rained anyway.

George H. T. Kimble, geographer and meteorologist, says flatly that the effects of weather modification are worldwide and "quite unpredictable." The destruction of hurricanes, he says, means the destruction of rains; destruction of lightning reduces the supply of necessary nitrogen (lightning spreads more than 100 million tons of nitrogen annually over the earth) and seeding can produce effects opposite to those desired.

So the Tri-State Natural Weather Association asks: what are the wide-range effects of weather modification, and will permanent weather changes result? If you make it rain in one place, the association contends, you may cause a drought somewhere else. In testimony given at Senate hearings in 1966, some meteorological experts claimed that rain cannot really be increased; it can be triggered to fall sooner and perhaps heavier than it would have naturally, or it can be moved about from one area to another.

The association concludes from this kind of testimony that the severe drought experienced in the Mid-Atlantic states in the 1960s was related to the "Great Lakes Snow Modification Project," conducted in 1968 with participants from the Cornell Aeronautical Laboratory at Buffalo, New York State University of New York, Penn

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State University and the Desert Research Institute, with some equipment furnished by the Environmental Science Services Administration. Preliminary aspects of this project were carried out as early as 1966, according to Department of Commerce reports. Weather records of Pennsylvania's Franklin County, according to the association, show that precipitation in 1967 and 1968 was more than 3 inches below normal and that the largest number of coldest degree days on record was logged in January 1968. That was disastrous for fruit farmers.

Paul Hoke, a Franklin County fruit farmer and president of the Tri-State Natural Weather Association, will tell you that the south-central region of Pennsylvania has historically been the center of severe thunderstorms and hailstorms. In 1966, according to Hoke and Dr. Edmond R. Hill, an association member and a professor at Gettysburg College, insurance companies began sponsoring cloud-seeding projects to prevent hail damage by breaking up thunderstorms. Hill claims that North America Insurance collects $1 million annually in premiums from fruit farmers in Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia, and it "obviously pays the company to spend a few thousand dollars to control thunderstorms."

Nothing has been proved in terms of actual contracts signed. Private companies such as Howell Associates of Lexington, Mass. have been known publicly for their involvement in weather projects. For example, in 1967, Howell was hired by the Blue Ridge Weather Modification Association to explode storm clouds with chemicals. The Tri-State Natural Weather Association has gone repeatedly to the Pentagon to uncover contracts that may have been made with private companies for the use of government planes or other equipment. Association members came away empty-handed.

Yet, Hill notes, according to an article on chemical and biological warfare in the January 1967 issue of *Science Magazine,* extensive weather modification activities are based at Fort Detrick, Frederick, Md. The article says that 85 per cent of the experiments are secret.

Since 1967, Franklin, Fulton and Bedford Counties in Pennsylvania and the state of Maryland have banned seeding. The commonwealth of Pennsylvania that same year created a Weather Modification Board that requires licenses for any weather control activities. This attempt to regulate or ban cloud seeders in the Mid-Atlantic states region was probably stimulated by the prolonged drought in the area—there was a 42-inch deficiency of precipitation in the mid-Potomac area from 1962 to 1966—and the mounting evidence that silver iodide, lead iodide, cupric sulfide and other seeding chemicals are toxic or at least irritant.

But Hill and Dr. William Kinter, a professor at Maryland Institute College of Arts and secretary of the Tri-State Natural Weather Association, and others claim that cloud seeding, though now illegal, goes on as intensively as ever. They say planes routinely follow the Pennsylvania-Maryland border, thereby avoiding detection in either state, and fly into the thunderclouds that roll off the mountains near Chambersburg, Pa.

Ever since the late 1960s, Tri-State Association members have been trying to push the Pennsylvania Weather Modification Board to action. They say that seeding is going on and that, if the board has no record of issuing licenses, the seeding is illegal. The group's complaints were strident enough for the board to consent to a public hearing on September 12, 1968. In some 165 pages of testimony, taken during what must have been a long day, Penn State officials talked about tracking wind currents, a watch supervisor at the Harrisburg Airport said nothing had appeared on his radar nor were there any flight plans to indicate cloud-seeding activity, and association members, most of them fruit farmers, described again and again how planes were flying directly into thunderclouds—a procedure usually forbidden by air traffic control—and turning them into a dry haze. What planes? What markings did they have? These were questions the association witnesses could not answer. One "unidentified speaker," evidently exasperated, finally said: "All you have to do is check the Environmental Science Services Administration operation fully. Make them give you a full and complete 600-to-700-page report. It is available and there is a copy of it in Boulder, Colo. . . . There you can get every flight run they made, everything. It will tell you the aircraft. . . ."

Nothing of the sort, of course, has been revealed in recent years by the Defense Department or its related agencies. The Pennsylvania Weather Modification Board has amassed an enormous file of correspondence with the Tri-State Association, always politely urging the association to come up with visible proof of its charges.

Recently, Hoke, Hill and Kinter visited Harrisburg again, convinced more than ever that seeding is going on in violation of state and county laws. Hoke recalled "Project Stormfury," the publicly announced 1960s project of the Commerce Department and Navy to tame hurricanes, and declared that the government is still involved in seeding. The problem, said Hoke, is that the seeding knocks hurricanes off their traditional paths and what happens afterward is unpredictable. The pathways are also affected, says Hoke, because of the Defense Department's long-time project of stabilizing the westerlies —also a seeding operation. So, says Hoke wryly, since Congress appropriates the money for these projects, Hurricane Agnes was an act of Congress. According to him, Agnes was actually dying out as it moved up the coast. But, because of the seeded westerlies, the storm suddenly swung around and darted inland, breaking over Elmira, N.Y., and streaking down the Susquehanna River. Supposition or not, the fact remains that Agnes caused the worst flooding Pennsylvania has ever known, crippling the commonwealth's farms with $300 million in damages and wiping out whole sections of towns in the Scranton-Wilkes-Barre area.

The Tri-State Natural Weather Association has been brushed off by state and federal officials; no one takes it seriously. But members, like the women in the Lessing book who bang their heads against the wall as they perceive a higher level of reality, are still watching and recording. A typical entry in their many volumes of log books reads: "From Reginald Nicklas of Chambersburg: Nicklas saw thunder and lightning along the mountain where he lives, and then he saw planes going along the mountain just as they did in the summers of acknowledged seeding. Only a fine mist fell, briefly, instead of the normal shower. . . ." □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

The Enigma of Nijinsky

NIJINSKY. *By Richard Buckle. Simon & Schuster. 482 pp. $12.50.*

BETTY ROSZAK
Betty Roszak is co-editor of Masculine/Feminine: Readings in Sexual Mythology and the Liberation of Women *(Harper & Row).*

Proust thought him "uninteresting"; Stravinsky thought him stupid and ignorant of music. Cocteau ignored him while adoring Diaghilev. Grigoriev, ballet master of the Russian Ballet, thought him weak and untalented. Fokine, choreographer of *Petrouchka*, gave him no credit for originality and became personally hostile toward him when he began to compose dances. As Diaghilev's favorite, Nijinsky was the target of spiteful jealousies and outright hatred. Few of his contemporaries could believe that this "backward boy" was anything more than a puppet whose strings Diaghilev skillfully manipulated. In the glittering world of ballet, where to be witty and charming was the universal goal, Nijinsky was silent, morose, unhappy. While his colleagues and admirers flattered, placated and cajoled Diaghilev, they could safely neglect to notice Nijinsky, who simply trailed along, speaking very little, looking ill at ease and out of place. By 1910, when the protégé began to show signs of creativity and was encouraged to produce his own dance works, it is little wonder that few people believed them to be his own inspiration. It must have been much easier to attribute such astonishing and scandalous ballets as *L'Après Midi d'un Faune, Le Sacre du Printemps* and *Jeux* to the forceful, cultured Diaghilev eager to make his youthful friend a star attraction in his ballet company.

We can be grateful to Richard Buckle for disputing this majority opinion about one of the most misunderstood and least appreciated creative energies of the 20th century. While most critics have agreed that Nijinsky the dancer was superbly unforgettable, his genius as a dance innovator has gone generally unrecognized. Buckle's assessment of Nijinsky as one of the three great influences on modern dance (along with Isadora Duncan and Martha Graham) comes as welcome redress, and at last gives due credit to his importance. But why has this low opinion of Nijinsky as choreographer and creator persisted?

The answer, I think, is to be found in the personal relationship between Diaghilev and Nijinsky, a relationship of archetypal polarity. We have on the one hand Diaghilev, the powerful, influential older man, and on the other, Nijinsky, the weakly submissive boy—Diaghilev, the cultivated patron of the arts, and Nijinsky, naive and unsophisticated. The association was in fact a mirror of the typically dominant-submissive husband and wife. If Diaghilev had liked girls instead of boys there would be nothing particularly remarkable about his choice of a weak, dependent partner. The essential meaning of such an association is still there: the stronger dictates to the weaker; the weaker is psychologically crippled. And psychologically, Nijinsky was the feminine partner, though the fact that he was biologically male might make it seem more outrageous to some. Appropriately enough, his first dance part for the Russian Ballet was that of the "Favorite Slave" in what Buckle calls a "rather erotic ghost story," *Le Pavillon d'Armide.* The role was given him frequently, in a kind of type casting. Even Nouvel (one of Diaghilev's rich backers) noticed the parallel, and is quoted by Buckle as joking with Diaghilev, "How odd it is that Nijinsky should always be the slave in your ballets —in *Le Pavillon d'Armide,* in *Cléopatre,* and now again in *Scheherazade.* I hope one day you'll emancipate him." But Nijinsky had to free himself.

Others were moved to comment on his thralldom. When he and Diaghilev stayed with Lady Ottoline Morrell during a London season, she wrote in a letter that Nijinsky's "guardian and jailer, Diaghilev, did not allow him to go out into society as it tired and upset him." How very like a jealous and despotic husband that sounds! And Diaghilev was prodigiously jealous, ever watchful that Nijinsky should not be attracted to the many pretty young girls of the ballet. When the vivacious Miriam Ramberg (later Marie Rambert) was hired to work on *Le Sacre du Printemps* with Nijinsky, Diaghilev had to be away for a time and instructed his valet to enter the studio on the flimsiest pretexts in order to spy out any possible flirtation. No doubt had there been any signs of such a thing, Rambert would have been summarily fired; but luckily for her, she did not yet know she was in love with Nijinsky. It was only much later, when she found he was to be married to the more aggressive Romola de Pulszky, that she realized what her true feelings were for him.

During the five years of their connection, Diaghilev kept Nijinsky "isolated from worldly cares," attended to all his material needs, and cared for him as he would for a beloved wife. Nijinsky was given everything but an independent existence. Yet he never received a regular salary like the other members of the company. While Nijinsky "worked like an ox" dancing three or four performances a day, drawing crowds and admiration for the Russian Ballet, Diaghilev, like a true husband, didn't want to bother Nijinsky with sordid things like contracts or money.

When Nijinsky dared to marry Romola, Diaghilev's excuse for dismissing him was the breaking of his contract. But as Buckle rightly points out, there was in fact no contract to break, and there was a great deal of back pay due. Nevertheless, Stravinsky and other associates of Diaghilev sided with him and felt it was Nijinsky who had done something inexcusable, not Diaghilev. Bakst even told Nijinsky and his bride when he happened to meet them on a London street, "I'm not allowed to talk to you." When Nijinsky told Stravinsky he hoped to return to work with the Russian Ballet after his marriage, Stravinsky marveled, ". . . such astounding innocence— . . . it seems incredible to me . . . that he was so unaware of the politics and sexual jealousies and motives within the Ballet." Grigoriev was so relieved when Nijinsky was dismissed that he could say, after the creation of *Faune, Jeux* and *Sacre* that "no one really approved of the Nijinsky period of choreography." Those critics who were not as myopic about the value of these ballets still felt that it was Diaghilev who had really been the creative force and that Nijinsky's contribution was somehow merely incidental.

No one knew or cared to know until the publication of Nijinsky's diary that his connection with Diaghilev had been disastrous for him. The diary disclosed Nijinsky's innermost feelings about Diaghilev in a prose as spare and original as his choreography had been. He wrote of an argument in the Paris streets: "Diaghilev was scolding me. He was

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grinding his teeth and I felt as depressed as if cats were scratching my soul. . . . We lived for a long, long time together. I lived sadly, and sorrowed alone." The most puzzling of Nijinsky's ballets to his contemporaries was *Jeux*, of which he revealed in the diary: "The Faun is me, and 'Jeux' is the life of which Diaghilev dreamed. He wanted to have two boys as lovers. . . . In the ballet, the two girls represent the two boys and the young man is Diaghilev." In a note on *Jeux*, Buckle mysteriously discounts Nijinsky's own interpretation of this ballet. He would rather stress the strange sculptural abstractions of the ballet than the uncomfortably frank homosexual love triangle. But it rings true to Diaghilev's jaded character as the kind of thing he would say to his unwilling-to-please young lover, and certainly the kind of thing Nijinsky would brood over.

However bemused Buckle is by Nijinsky's inner world, he is thoroughly convinced of the dancer's choreographic talents. Buckle excels in his painstaking reconstructions of those lost ballets of the Nijinsky period. *Le Sacre du Printemps*, though it caused such a furor at its première, was so disliked that it was only performed seven times before it vanished altogether from the repertory. By the time Diaghilev thought to produce the ballet again, Nijinsky's mind was gone, no one else could remember the intricate sequences of movement, and Nijinsky's successor, Massine, had to re-do the entire ballet. Everyone agreed that it lacked the compelling force of the original. After reading Buckle's description, I can only assent to his final opinion: "I am convinced that even Diaghilev and Stravinsky did not entirely appreciate the power of Nijinsky's Blake-like vision or recognize how far ahead of his time he was. . . ." *Le Sacre* was "the ballet of the century."

As for *Jeux*, all that is left are a few photographs and pastel drawings by Valentine Gross which give an impression of strongly sculptural groupings. When Nijinsky discussed his revolutionary ideas for this ballet with Diaghilev and Bakst in the Grill Room of the Savoy in London, Diaghilev called it a "mad scheme." It was the first ballet in modern dress, without a *corps de ballet*, and with movements based on a modern sport: ostensibly tennis, but really, as Nijinsky meant it, the game of love. He even wanted to end it with an airplane crashing on stage, but this was too much for Diaghilev. "Far from Diaghilev leading Nijinsky into virgin forests of experiment," Buckle says, "it seems that in 1912, Nijinsky's creative ideas were already leaving Diaghilev behind." Debussy, who composed the music, disliked the ballet, which he said gave "Nijinsky's perverse genius a chance of indulging in a peculiar kind of mathematics."

Thanks to Marie Rambert, who preserves it in the repertory of her company in England, *L'Après Midi d'un Faune* is the only one of Nijinsky's Diaghilev ballets that survives today—though in an attenuated form. So much attention has been given to the scandal caused by the suggestion of autoeroticism at the end of this ballet that it has tended to obscure the originality of the work. When I had a chance to see it, none of the descriptions I had ever read prepared me for those bizarre profile movements, suggested to Nijinsky by his study of Greek vase paintings. It was as if those figures had come to life in a way as unexpected and fresh to me as it must have been in 1911. *L'Après Midi d'un Faune* is without any feats of virtuoso dancing—the faun has one restrained leap, while the rest of the movement is static, angular, contained. This is in direct opposition to Debussy's luscious score, which probably accounts for the composer's dissatisfaction. For me, the ballet epitomizes the cloudless Apollonian spirit of archaic Greece—a beautiful vision that penetrates to the heart of mythology itself. We can only surmise how much more unearthly it must have been with Nijinsky as the faun.

But by the time he was 30, Nijinsky's career was over. After so poignantly brief a period as choreographer (he was to produce one more ballet in New York after his break with Diaghilev—a highly acclaimed version of Strauss's *Till Eulenspiegel*)—war and madness intervened. Were there any hints in the years 1909-19 that he would lose his sanity? Buckle's biography provides some clues. Those who saw and met Nijinsky agree on his singular quality. Geoffrey Whitworth, a critic who admired Nijinsky's dancing, described it as "a type of the supreme functioning of a state of being most strange and utterly alien from our own." Ottoline Morrell wrote perceptively, "He always seemed lost in the world outside, as if he looked on as a visitor from another world." Hilda Munnings, an English girl who joined the Russian Ballet, said of him, "He hardly spoke to anyone and seemed to exist on a different plane. Before dancing he was even more withdrawn, like a bewitched soul." Robert Edmond Jones, the designer of *Till Eulenspiegel*, saw in Nijinsky "a quality . . . which I can only define . . . as a continual preoccupation with standards of excellence so high that they are really not of this world. . . ." And when Charlie Chaplin met him in Hollywood, he said of Nijinsky, "He gave the impression of a monk dressed in civilian clothes." When Nijinsky danced, Chaplin found him "hypnotic, godlike, his sombreness suggesting moods of other worlds."

It was also this quality of strangeness, of other-worldliness that his associates noticed in the creation of his famous roles. Romola said he made up for *Le Spectre de la Rose* so that he had the face of a "celestial insect," and his Petrouchka became a half-human puppet. This awesome ability to assume the nonhuman in his dance roles became a legend in his time. As Nijinsky explained to Lady Morrell about Petrouchka, he patterned the character on "the mythical outcast in whom is concentrated the pathos and suffering of life, one who beats his hands against the walls, but is always cheated and despised and left outside alone."

Alien, outcast, outsider. It was this aspect of Nijinsky's personality that caught Colin Wilson's interest and led him to use Nijinsky as an illustration of the Outsider in Wilson's book of that name. He speculates that it was enforced inactivity, the inability to express his energy through the body, that brought on Nijinsky's mental breakdown. But being an outcast denied creative expression doesn't necessarily lead one to madness. There were other factors. Nijinsky's wife, who admits in her biography that she came to love Nijinsky only after their marriage, felt a combination of hero worship and irritation toward her husband—worship for the "god of the dance" and irritation at the god's childish naïveté. His Tolstoyan sympathies obviously upset and frightened her. She could not accept his pacifism, his vegetarianism, his dislike of wealth and ostentation. And she acknowledges that she didn't know how to deal with the great inner conflict and turmoil he was undergoing in the years 1918-19. One of the pathetic stories she tells in her biography is of the morning he walked about with a large cross hanging from his neck, exhorting the Swiss villagers of St. Moritz to heed God and go to church. She pleaded with him to come home, saying, "Vaslav, won't you stop imitating that old lunatic Tolstoy?" Thus even after his break with Diaghilev, Nijinsky was still surrounded by those who could not understand his passionate religious yearnings. If Romola considered Tolstoy a lunatic, what chance did Vaslav Nijinsky have?

His wife prefers to think his insanity came suddenly because of some kind of chemical imbalance. Others have suggested a hereditary disease (his brother died in a mental institution). It would

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have been enlightening if Buckle could have found some hint of what Bleuler, Jung and Freud, who were all consulted, thought of Nijinsky's case. Was the "monk" in him stifled by the world-weary frivolity and petty corruption of his opulent, artificial theatre and society milieu? Did his psychic slavery to the arrogant Diaghilev crush him utterly and finally take its toll when he found himself unable to work? This is the state of mind reflected in the diary when he writes, "I know the whole world is contaminated with rottenness which rots away even trees." And, "Diaghilev is a terrible man. I do not like terrible men, but I will not harm them. I do not want them to be killed. They are eagles. They prevent small birds from living."

The key to the real Nijinsky is in the diary, that extraordinary document his wife rescued from an old trunk and published in 1936. Buckle tends to shy away from it, or at least from attempting some sort of psychological interpretation. But it is the only source we have for knowing what was in Nijinsky's mind prior to his retreat into silence and immobility. During and after the war Nijinsky was haunted by visions of dying soldiers. He painted furiously—odd, disturbing pictures of staring eyes in black and red. So much did the horrors of war prey on his mind that he decided to give a dance recital to benefit the Red Cross. Romola gives a harrowing description of this, his last performance. Nijinsky called it his "marriage with God."

> He took a few rolls of black and white velvet and made a big cross the length of the room. He stood at the head of it with open arms, a living cross himself. "Now I will dance you the war, with its suffering, with its destruction, with its death. The war which you did not prevent and so you are also responsible for." It was terrifying. . . . It was the dance for life against death.

(This description has recently become the basis for one of the most powerful dance productions I've ever seen, the last agonizing solo in Maurice Béjart's ballet *Nijinsky—Clown of God.*)

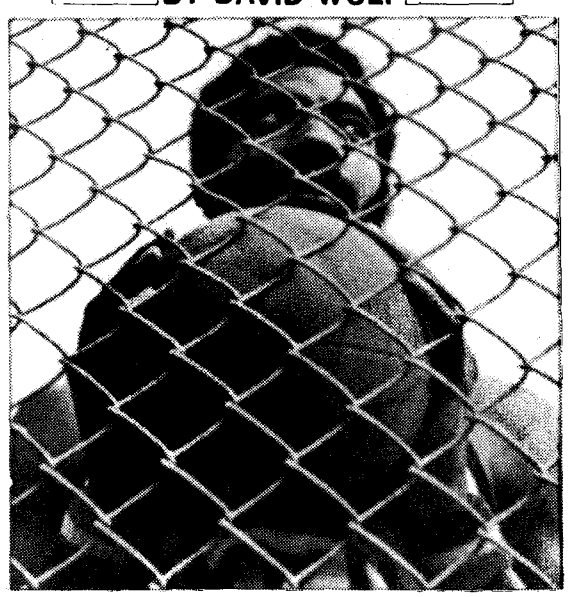
Very soon after this disquieting performance Nijinsky was pronounced insane and underwent his first catatonic seizure. (Did he foresee this when he wrote earlier in his diary, "I have come to the conclusion that it is better to be silent than to speak. Diaghilev told me to be silent.") The rest of his life was spent in and out of sanatoriums. Shock treatments seemed to help him recover his speech somewhat, but he never returned to normal and he never danced again. He was taken to a performance of the Russian Ballet in 1927, but showed no sign of recognition. When Diaghilev asked him on that occasion if he wouldn't like to return to dancing, Nijinsky answered simply, "I can't, because I am mad."

Buckle's attitude toward the obsessed dancer, while understanding and sympathetic, is lacking in just the sort of deep compassion, even love, that would throw light on this darkest period of Nijinsky's life. One feels that Buckle, for all his admiration of Nijinsky's creative powers, is still more at home with the Diaghilevs of this world, whose style, wit and fashion are more valued than Nijinsky's monumental simplicity. In concentrating on recounting the external events of Nijinsky's life (thorough, fascinating and admirable though his biography may be), Buckle has missed the point of Nijinsky and his place in this century.

Nijinsky wrote, "People will say that all that I write is stupid, but in reality it has a deep meaning." There are a few who have glimpsed that meaning—like Colin Wilson, Marie Rambert, Maurice Béjart—and who have understood the essential religious quality of Nijinsky's pain and tragedy. Only a religious visionary could write: "To me the earth is one single state. The earth is the head of God. God is the fire in the head."

He was, in his life and his art, the outcast, a Dostoevskian "idiot" who beat against society's walls in vain. In spite of his suffering, Nijinsky's diary ends with a heart-rendingly beautiful affirmation. Retreating from life, he wrote: "My little girl is singing: 'Ah, ah, ah, ah!' I do not understand its meaning, but I feel what she wants to say. She wants to say that everything—Ah! Ah!—is not horror but joy." □

FOUL!
CONNIE HAWKINS
BY DAVID WOLF



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Paul Goodman

GEORGE DENNISON

The following address was delivered at a memorial service for Paul Goodman in New York City on October 22. Mr. Dennison is the author of The Lives of Children *(Random House).*—Editors

Out of thousands of memories of Paul, going back twenty-five years, several traits have emerged as being most deeply characteristic and most abiding—and they are not traits at all but virtues. Most of mankind lives drenched in personality, personality salvaged by instinct; in some few, personality aspires to character; the step beyond character to virtue is extremely rare; and even among virtues there's a scale. The virtue that shaped Paul's life seems to me to be one of the highest and rarest. It was obedience to mind. It was this, basically, that set so many troubles in his path; but it gave him his wealth of theme, his deep security, his great task and his great pride. Wherever opinion lifts itself to the level of thought, this obedience begins to be visible. To act upon thought—to dare to be wise—is the thing itself. Paul felt that it was ignoble to do less, ignoble to make a mere intelligent game of philosophy, or a literary artifact of psychoanalytic thought, or a mere "position" of one's moral, religious or political values. Such things as these are meant to shape lives, and they did shape his.

In all the tasks this obedience set him, another virtue was prominent, and this was disinterested attentiveness to the nature of things, modesty toward experience. He described this as a hunger for meaning, and apparently felt it that way. To an observer, it was just what I have said, and one saw it all the time: attentiveness, quite selfless, and one would say *rigorous* had it not been so continuous and so soberly entranced.

In a man of powerful gifts, and in his context of other lives, these two virtues —obedience to mind, and modesty toward experience—very soon become grand. They were grand in Paul, and they were also enduring. The side effects of these virtues are often harsh, yet when they are visible in themselves, they are among the most beautiful traits we can claim for humankind. There is no philosophy without them, no science, and no art, but rather opinion, technology and fantasy—our usual products.

I need hardly say that these virtues were sustained by a third, for they would have perished without it. This was courage. Kafka, whom Paul loved, said that all virtues, even courage, reduce finally to the one virtue of patience. Yet in an active, highly visible life, such as Paul lived, there seem to be entire classes of events that depend absolutely on courage, depend on it for their creation in the mind, and then for acting out in the world, since the proven response is ostracism, insult and poverty. And there are hosts of little motions of the mind that are impossible except through the habit of courage, for certainly there are frightening truths, and not all men can bear to face them, even in solitude, even in dreams.

These are heroic virtues. All those who admired Paul did see him in a heroic light. When I think of the poets of our times, and the artists and thinkers, and see how many can be praised for brilliance, imagination, learning, eloquence, compassion, formal beauty, and how few can be praised beyond these things for virtues great in themselves, I feel again something I have felt a thousand times thinking of Paul: wonderment—often without sentiment: how rare a man he was.

This service was planned more than a month ago. I have been thinking almost continually of Paul since that time: of his work, of the large patterns

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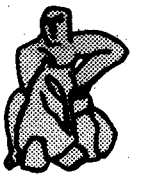
of his life, of the extraordinary unity of life and work, character and genius, but mostly, actually, of his person, Paul in motion in hundreds of different situations. I speak of his virtues, and realize how abstract that is, especially when what I mean is Paul's face in thought, gravely at ease and beautiful in its dignity, as if his face did actually symbolize, or actually show his life. And that's impossible to convey. But I want to come a step closer to it and put Paul more familiarly into his relationships. The grand things I've mentioned were visible in them, in the midst of many things not so grand. I want especially to say how difficult Paul was, and how this related to his genius and his task.

Paul's arrogance was at times incredible. So was his rudeness. He was self-centered to an extraordinary degree. He was sometimes spiteful, and often harsh. Even among people whose opinions he respected he rarely listened to opinion. He rarely listened to anecdote. What Paul did was talk. He explained things, intricate things, and difficult things, and things not so difficult, such as the quantity of salt to put on your salad. I remember stopping my car once—there were several people in it—and getting out and taking the key. I told Paul that if he spoke one more word, I would walk away and leave them all stranded, and he promised to be quiet, and I got back in the car, and Paul commenced talking, and we drove on.

The effect of this behavior was to empty his environs of all rivals. More than this, it was as if personality, selfhood, I think his own included, were intolerable to him; as if the ordinary give-and-take of life were quite stifling and intolerable, and he swept these things away as abruptly as he could. On particular occasions—as at rehearsals of his own plays—the effect of this was dreadful. Actors would clam up, directors freeze. More generally, the effect was that Paul spent his time with people younger than he, students, disciples and admirers, who often among themselves held lively conversations, but who in his presence were content to listen.

It was when one listened that one understood the meaning of this behavior. For one could not help but make comparisons, on the one hand the clutter of egos, the rattle of small talk and large talk, informed talk and naive talk, all of it, all but all of it quite heavy with self; and on the other hand Paul in the clear space he had secured around him, for what one heard then was something very different from intelligence, informed opinion, talent or learning. What one heard was genius, thought so beautifully structured as to be ravishing, and of



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I am going

William Virgil Davis

such purity as to be almost unearthly. Paul in motion, Paul having freed himself of the clutter of other selves, was very nearly selfless, was in some sense an angel of mind. One never heard from his lips anything so contaminated as intellectual enthusiasm, but only the pure voices of attention, obedience and love. Seeing Paul in these havens, these spaces he made for himself, one understood that this socially arrogant, publicly contentious man was in some deep way almost incapable of saying "I." Often one could see that he was affirming himself. A note of pride would enter his voice . . . and would dissolve repeatedly into close descriptions of the works, thoughts, and probable persons of the artists and thinkers he loved. One could easily imagine that these masters were the earthly home, and their works and Paul's own the earthly shapes of a spirit which, at such times, seemed almost disembodied. At these times, too, when Paul was least aware of himself, one saw the scale of the world he lived in, and understood that the lofty things about him were not such relatively distant things as ideals and commitments, but close things: the habits of the eyes, and of memory, affinities of emotion and thought, the habit of resolution.

This is the wonder of genius, that it can be so necessitous, so extremely vulnerable and exposed, and at the same time so powerful, so secure in its loyalties and its gifts.

What I have just said has an obvious bearing on what I take to have been the central task of Paul's life, a task that was at once practical, theoretical and artistic. Of course it has been called utopian—which may mean only that he performed it in the hope of a world to live in. Crudely, it can be described as the effort to harmonize the life not made by man, and the life made by man; nature and human nature on the one side, and on the other our arts and sciences, cities and mores, politics and economics, superstitions and beliefs. This task was not, of course, uniquely Paul's, but it was, taken as a whole, more deeply his and more consciously his than it was that of any other thinker in our country's affairs, certainly for the last thirty-five years. His theme, in everything, has been human wholeness.

I have been saying things that loom in my own understanding and admiration of Paul. They are true as I know the truth—and they are painfully schematic, and dreadfully obscure the man we knew.

Paul's wider fame began with *Growing Up Absurd*. He was 49 years old. He had written more than twenty books, and had been ignored, often scorned, by literary folk whose own talents could at best be called genteel. Certainly he had need of the stern qualities I have mentioned. Yet I find, in my memories of that long period before his fame, that in many, many of them Paul is smiling and laughing and making jokes. How many things he relished in the life around him! What prodigious creative output, yet how much time he had for sailing about the city on his bike, and for playing handball and poker, and for drinking beer in bars, and for helping his friends: the author of *The Empire City* lugging furniture up stairs, the theorist of *Gestalt Therapy* moving cats, fifty of them, two at a time in a shoebox, out of the apartment of a friend, where cats were forbidden, transporting them all together in his old car, smuggling them two at a time into a new apartment, where it was also forbidden to keep cats, but where, as Paul gleefully pointed out, they were not in fact being kept, since only the cats would live there, the apartment had been rented for them. I think of how he enjoyed the doing and the telling of such things, and how he stamped his feet with glee. And I remember how extraordinarily attractive his kindliness was, and what domestic beauty rose up between Paul and Sally on occasions of kindliness, Thanksgiving and Christmas feasts, when they gathered their talented waifs and strays; and what Sally's courage meant to Paul, and her strong, shy intelligence, and her love of learning. To know how deeply she sustained him, was to know an important thing about Paul, who was also, in his own way, a waif and a stray. I think of his love for the Hudson, and the ocean, and his incredible knowledge of the city, the events of its history, where they had happened and how they had happened. I think of his sense of duty in daily things, and of how he undertook to be dependable for those who depended on him.

And homelier things still: how when he talked at the table, he strewed it with crumbs and burnt matches and flakes of tobacco. His thumbs were double-jointed, deeply curved back. His eyes were gray-blue, widely spaced, and he was vain of the powerful, unsettling indifference of his gaze. As if his learning and genius were not enough, he was full of ploys. He could interrupt the train of your thought by the way he lit his pipe, waving the blaze in front of you, or allowing it to almost burn his fingers, dropping it at the last moment, and when you were about to resume your argument, having seen that his fingers had survived, he would reach out his hand to you and ask for a match. If you gave him several boxes, as I did once, hoping to make a point, or at least a pause, he would put them all in his pocket and forget that they were there. He would explain something, and ask earnestly, "Do you see?"—and when you drew breath to answer, he would interrupt, having prepared his breath, and would correct what you hadn't yet said, usually quite accurately. He walked with a shuffling, nimble gait, rapidly, holding his shoulders back like an obedient, or rather an apprehensive 3-year-old, hatching evil. He dressed and smelled like an 11-year-old. His fingernails were dirty and severely bitten, but one never saw him bite them. Often his sweaters were inside-out. He was a good handball player. At poker he broke even. His running comments were witty and psychological, and were either a delight (aimed at your opponents), or maddening (aimed at you). He sometimes stole chips, and you had to watch him. He played all games with verve, a sweetly aggressive gaiety, stretching the rules in favor of himself, and arguing loudly, with the extended, high-falutin legalisms and outrageous greed of young boys.

I am speaking especially of the late forties and the decade of the fifties. He was a connoisseur of Eisenhower's speeches. He would read those remarkable phrases aloud, and after laughing and stamping his feet, would shake his head and say admiringly, "You know, you couldn't invent that."

He could shake his head at himself. He said one night, in the heat of argument, reaching an absolute zenith in his

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point of view, "But look . . . the average Oriental sage . . ."—and one could see the words strike his ears. He paused and shook his head contritely and said, "That's good."

It was an aspect of his genius that his admirers, though numerous, never formed a clique. When I remember who they were, I find mathematicians, musicians, composers, psychologists, doctors, historians, painters, teachers, actors and directors, poets and writers of prose. The same people were also poker players and handball players, softball players, bettors at the trots, patients and colleagues in psychotherapy, drinkers of beer at the San Remo, political theorists, activists and visionaries, the first generation to live in lofts, for the most part companionable lone wolves. Many of us knew one another because of Paul; and because we all admired him, we did infallibly, in our different degrees, mean something to one another. Today there are surely thousands who directly or indirectly, and often without knowing it, are in touch because of Paul.

In my own life, in the decade after the war, there was much torment, rage and loneliness. This was true of many of us. There was no "movement" then. We called our culture culture, not counter-culture. The experience of alienation was bitter. One was—and one knew it—bitterly alone. Yet for many of us it was a time that did, after all, have much meaning, and occasional beauty of a striking and courageous kind, an awkward, triumphant beauty, a grace of spirit where one had no right to expect it—and for many of us the chief, and extremely precious source of these things was Paul.

I haven't said a thing about his work. Much of it, especially his poetry, the best of his short fiction, and his big four-part novel, *The Empire City*, will surely endure. Some two or three critics have called *The Empire City* great. Many have disliked it, some have been confused, applying the canons of realism without quite knowing it. The book may extend our notions of the novel. More likely, it will escape our categories altogether and be taken simply as a spiritual invention, perhaps the very highest our country produced during the years of Paul's life. Certainly it has flaws, more accurately wounds and scars, and there are times when it limps. Nevertheless, the company it keeps is that of Hawthorne, Whitman and Melville.

Our country would be a different country if it knew what a blow it has suffered in the loss of Paul. Those of us who do know will do many things differently now. Our sense of mass society has already changed, the mass seems more extensive. Paul was, in a sense, our court of last resort, and for rare and obvious reasons: his political thought was alight with philosophy, his moral thought with practical psychology, his psychological thought with religion; his art rested on a base of stubborn settled wisdom.

There isn't another figure in our country today of comparable pride or breadth of humanity. □

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

The King of Marvin Gardens, directed by Bob Rafelson and written by him with Jacob Brackman, is a rather tailored film—tailored to the talents of Jack Nicholson and Bruce Dern, to widely publicized anxieties and to the cinematic style of narrative ellipsis. But it is set in Atlantic City in winter time, and I have a melancholy affection for seaside resorts off season, particularly those at least a generation beyond their tawdry prime. So I rode along with the picture, enjoying the bleak setting and waiting for the meaning to be impressed upon me in due time.

Nicholson and Dern play the Staebler brothers; in a manner of speaking, Nicholson's brother is dead and, somewhat more literally, Dern's is mad. They have come together in a boardwalk hotel turned last resting place for the aged to plot a gambling paradise off Hawaii, it being the mad brother's fancy that he is an incomparable financial con man (Marvin Gardens is a location on the *Monopoly* board), whereas in fact he fronts for a local black hood. When he is not being overwhelmed by his brother's effervescent irresponsibility, Nicholson's moribund Staebler does a late-night radio show of pseudo-philosophical anecdotage, listened to by his raddled father and I should suppose no one else.

The film proceeds by set pieces, the one that pleased me most for its combination of irrelevance and artiness being a conversation between the brothers as they sat on a couple of dejected beach ponies. Why are they on the ponies? Because it makes a good shot. In the end, a bit of violence that is entirely surprising because completely arbitrary informs us that we live in times when illusions can be fatal. I wondered when this had not been true, and was it necessary to invent so many tableaux of loneliness and rootlessness to convey that message. However, a Fun Pier in February can be counted on not to let the cameras down.

Why is a dangerous name for any picture, but if it is true that in Italy today a rather well-connected businessman can be arrested in error and then, because the papers covering the mishap are defective, be subjected to a series of such harassments, humiliations and terrors that within a fortnight he loses his mind, there is reason enough for Nanni Loy to have directed the work and for Alberto Sordi to play the lead.

Even so, I doubt that it was prudent to send it overseas. Shown here, it seems to be a concoction of implausible coincidence invented to plague a buffoon who scarcely looks or acts like an internationally famous engineer. Sordi, an ingratiating comic by trade, bangs along for about two hours on the single character note of injured good nature, and the prison system bangs away on him with dispassionate inefficiency. Quite terrible things happen and I resent being bored by the spectacle of human degradation. By the end, I was fed up with the victim's blubbering—surely not the purpose of this indignant film. □

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

During the present standstill in the New York museums the exhibition, "Joan Miró: Magnetic Fields," at the Guggenheim is highly welcome. In fact, it would be remarkable at any time because it combines two things not often found together in exhibitions: a collection of first-rate works and a good idea. The museum had originally intended to show Miró's work of the 1960s, but this proposal was fortunately modified when Rosalind Krauss suggested that Miró's work of the 1920s be combined with that of the later period. This is certainly a gain, not just because of the evident connection between the two decades but because of the superior quality of the earlier work as a rule.

The catalogue of the exhibition is admirable, in contrast to numerous recent museum publications; it is concerned with ideas about Miró as well as with research and illustrations. Indeed it can be said that Margit Rowell, author of a book on Miró two years ago, has substantially enlarged the foundations for interpreting the early work in her text on "The Poetics." It has always been said in a vague way that Miró is a poetic painter. The following effusion by Douglas Cooper is typical of Miró "studies": "Miró is elemental, a natural child [*sic*],

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an earth-man yet a dreamer, a poet whose flights of fancy knew no bounds." Rowell, on the contrary, has indicated the "bounds" exactly and they turn out to be points of departure. She has tracked down specific texts and traced their translation into "*peinture-poésie.*" Miró's "Portrait of Mme. B" is linked to *Ubu Roi,* "L'Addition" to Jarry's *Le Surmâle,* and "Le Corps de ma brune" to a poem by Saint-Pol-Roux. Puzzling details of Miró's "The Tilled Field" are elucidated by references to Apollinaire's *L'Enchanteur pourissant,* and Rimbaud's *Voyelles* sonnet is brought into relation with Miró's sexual imagery. The erotic conventions of French poetry, an indispensable part of Surrealist iconography, are convincingly shown as sources for Miró's imagery.

The exhibition rests on a radical act of exclusion. There are major groups of works from 1924-27 and 1960-68. What has been omitted are paintings of the kind usually associated with Miró's name, the biomorphic hordes, the creatural personages, the sexy pictographs. Miró has overused his inventory of stock lyrical cues for bird, star and woman, and it is good to look at his work without the obtrusive presence of this Mickey Mouse phantasmagoria. Instead of drawing on a *commedia dell'arte* of germs, the paintings in the show have a high unitary order. They consist, largely, of fields of a single color carrying signs that are opened out to the last point of porosity compatible with legibility. The seamless space and the weightless signs constitute pictures of great austerity; the rediscovery of the sparseness of which Miró is capable makes one grateful for this exhibition.

The homogeneous space that Miró creates is not that of Abstract art; the lack of formal incidents and contrasted episodes does not exclude his lyrical intimations. His blue fields are certainly skylike and the brown ones are of the earth. Some of his forms are drawn, some written, so that any single field of color actually supports two interpenetrating sign systems. The two modes are unified by various devices—these are discussed by Krauss in the catalogue—and by Miró's cursive line which confers a linear flow on both the spatial and sequential signs.

The homogeneity of the exhibition is reduced at only one point, by three landscapes of 1926-27, segmented by the horizon line (Nos. 24, 26, 27), but it is argued in the catalogue that either a quadrant-like division of the picture surface or an equalization of figure and figure by color relationships satisfies the requirements of a unified field. Possibly, but these paintings also contain creatural personages of hard-edged clarity, a grasshopper, a rabbit's head, and a hare, which effectively tie these works with Miró's excluded middle period. The most that can be said is that these paintings show that Miró's more animated works of the 1920s and 1930s were touched at times by his radical simplificatory procedures.

My preference among Miró's later work is for the monochrome color fields, such as the three "Blue" paintings, 1961, and the triptych, "Mural Paintings for a Temple," 1962. Each painting is just under 9 feet high by 12 feet long. In one way these works are a return to the principles of the 1920s but there is more to it than that. Miró has stated his interest in Abstract Expressionism, in particular, Pollock, though the unfussed openness of his big-color planes looks more like Newman. It seems that the revival of his earlier style was facilitated by the scale, bold handling, and color massing of New York painters. In the "Blue" paintings all traces of pictographic beasts are gone, leaving simply a few exclamatory or meandering lines. The openly brushed blue is a wall of sky. The "Temple" paintings, one green, one orange, one red, carry even fewer graphic marks. The color, though not chromatically intense, seems so because of its uninterrupted span: Miró neither overstates the color nor varies it; variation would be the equivalent of a tall man stooping.

Coincident with "Magnetic Fields" are some other Miró exhibitions at commercial galleries and competitive institutions. The Museum of Modern Art is showing three newly acquired Mirós, one of which, "The Birth of the World," 1925, belongs in "Magnetic Fields." It is larger than the average size of the period and demonstrates Miró's sparse style with uncompromising rigor. It is too bad that the Modern preferred to boast its prowess in acquisition to cooperating with the long announced Guggenheim show, done, incidentally, with the artist's cooperation. By withholding the painting from the exhibition which provides the apt context for it, the Modern denies all visitors to the show the chance to compare and evaluate the works of the period as fully as possible. As it is, "The Birth of the World" must be seen with unlike Mirós for company, one a crudely plastic pastel of the 1930s, the other a marginal improvisation done on top of a 19th-century portrait. Since the museum is planning to show its own collection of Miró next year, its retention of the painting at this time is not to its credit.

At the Acquavella Galleries (until November 18) a benefit for the Pediatric Pavilion of the Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center surveys Miró's work of all periods (the catalogue is the source of the quotation from Douglas Cooper above). The show is of the highest caliber, including "Magnetic Field" paintings, the celebrated "Carnival of Harlequin," as well as excellent early paintings and "constellations" of the 1940s. It is a reminder of all those aspects of Miró that Rowell and Krauss relinquished.

To some extent, but not completely, the important relation is between early and late phases of Miró's own life. The intervening work reveals Miró's prolonged acceptance of traditional formal criteria of internal intricacy and size variation. When he returns to the undivided space and color of the 1920s he does so admirably, but when he enlarges

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his signs and paints them in a *brut* manner there is no corresponding gain. It is for the holistic organization of space that American painting of the 1940s and 1950s is unique, and it is here that the later Miró excels. Thus it seems probable that he was, as he said, a beneficiary of Abstract Expressionism. Conversely, what Miró did in the 1920s is relevant to American artists in the middle and late 1940s. Miró wanted to produce pictures in which references were reduced but which avoided Abstract art. His fields satisfy this requirement for they retain, as American painting did, a fund of ways to intimate and induce meanings. The exact route by which Miró influenced art in New York has still to be discussed, but the presumption that he did so is strong. □

THEATRE / Harold Clurman

Simon Gray's *Butley* is a witty play written in good bad-mouth English (Morosco Theatre). Its wit is largely derisive, or to put it another way, bitchy. For crass journalistic purposes, I might compare it to *The Boys in the Band.* But the American comedy was thickly underlain with sentimentality (I preferred the comedy to the sentiment), and was a great success everywhere. Were it not for Alan Bates's presence in *Butley,* I doubt whether that play would be a hit here, though it was a tremendous success in London, with or without Bates. There is a sociological aspect to this that interests me more than the work itself.

The fact that homosexuality occupies a distinct place in the frail structure which sustains the play is not a sufficient explanation for its success in London—though it is true that up to a few years ago the subject was entirely taboo on the English stage. It is clear that if such a play as *The Connection* has a long run in New York (albeit Off-Broadway), it is not because most of the audience consists of drug addicts; it must be just as evident that *Butley* did not attract the English because homosexuality as such fascinates them. In neither play was the theme wholly congruous with the plot.

The theme of *The Connection* was the drive to escape aloneness or the fright induced in us by an uninspired society. *Butley*'s theme—never mentioned, though unconsciously supplied by the audience—is a sense of futility engendered by the present English condition of life.

Butley teaches English literature in a college of London University. He may once have been devoted to the subject; now he no longer cares for either Milton, whom he considers a bore, or for T. S. Eliot, with whom he must have once sensed an affinity. He despises both the students and the faculty involved in university education. He has left his wife who, he implies, is more a "man" than he. He has had a child by her, but has no feeling for it. A homosexual himself, he mocks others similarly disposed. He jibes at everyone; his chief pleasure is in the facile invention of poisoned barbs.

Almost everyone in the play (male or female) is homosexual—and for the most part tired even of that. Rebellious youth or "hippies" are no more to Butley's taste. At the final curtain we find him sucking booze from a flask; we are sure he will end a sodden lump.

As I state the situation, no one could bear such a play, yet the English have lapped it up. The fun of its sharp quips put the play's factual circumstance at a "distance" from them: after all, we needn't take the thing seriously. Then too, Butley is an exceptional (laughable) eccentric, and the English have always appreciated eccentrics, because they are themselves obliged to remain pinned down to the center and to stay thoroughly correct.

Butley's comedy is a cosmetic over the mask of *disaffection.* But the dejection does exist, so the play is telling a certain truth. "We are tired, we haven't much hope, we don't know where we're going. We have been defrauded, the whole game is a sell. Between Wilson and Heath, the United States and the big powers, we have become inert. No love lost on any of them": that is the play's code, its involuntary or secret message. One doesn't like to think such things, even less to say them. But entertainment and a facility in the use of language saves all—especially when peppered by the daring, that is, the scabrous and the improper. Being proper, the English relish its opposite.

Alan Bates is expert. He makes Butley very nearly amiable. The American ear has some trouble understanding everything he says, since his delivery is rapid. Still, his insults fly lightly and almost always hit their target. The rest of the cast serves the occasion well. □

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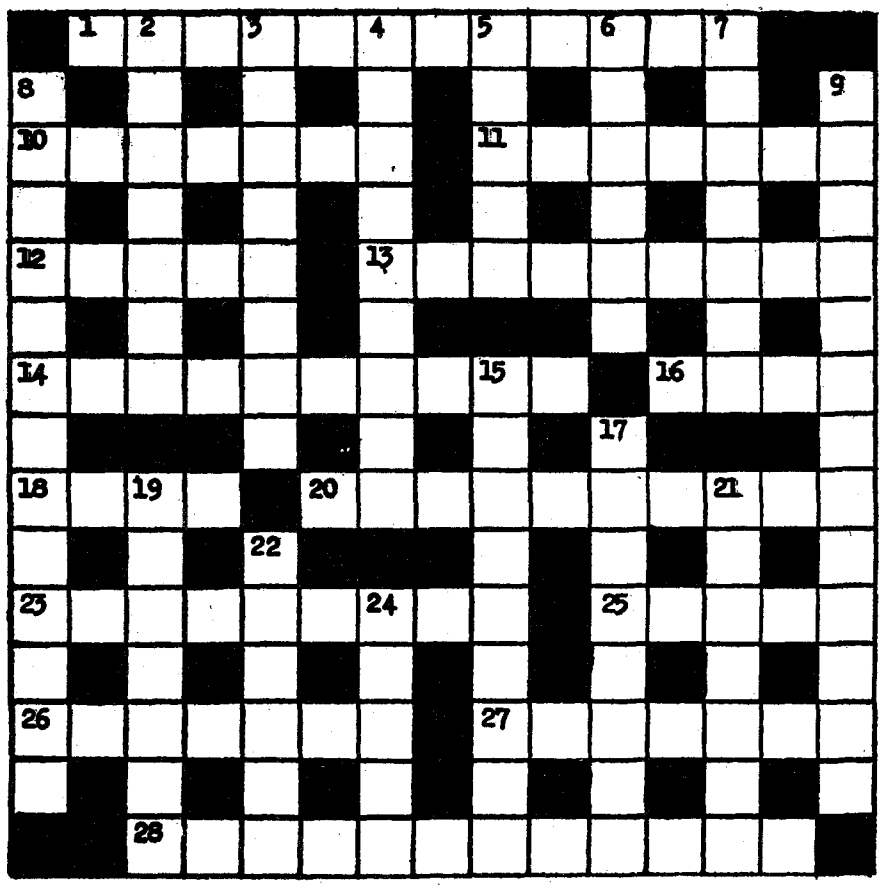
Crossword Puzzle No. 1464

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Not a shiny white squad car—one is probably in deep with it. (5,7)
10 One might be in charge of 1 across, in either interpretation. (7)
11 Other than true grit the less relaxed show. (7)
12 Automobile, not quiet ancient, might be tuned periodically. (5)
13 In austere surroundings, 12 acquires quite a different air. (Where one might get a drink in traveling is associated with good cheer.) (9)
14 For the owner, it's not quite proper to engage a mixed trio. (10)
16 Turn-pike to provide cover for the military? (4)
18 Place that suggests quite a view. (4)
20 Not very good-looking, so evidently nothing is about to happen. (10)
23 They involve many races, and especially a super one. (9)
25 Put to sea, otherwise its forces might work together. (5)
26 Stages of behavior the traveler might have to pass through? (7)
27 Get in an unusual position in bed, perhaps. (7)
28 It is, for example, what might be given the equivalent of that which sounds taught to some. (7,5)

DOWN

2 No finer example of heavenly funny stuff? (7)
3 They might interrupt you in the act. (8)
4 Can in all logic a rib be an area you should recognize? (9)
5 and 17 down How to say something completely silly—this, for instance? (5,8)
6 Sailing without one might be sort of important. (6)
7 Real hot counterfeit money goes into it, as they say, with bad investment. (7)
8 Lust for this? Naturally. (13)
9 The tip of the icicle? It might well be below it. (8,5)
15 This grove might imply forgetfulness. (9)
17 See 5 down
19 Appears to imply your share of the time is over. (5,2)
21 The tilting type? (7)
22 Very quiet, with nothing either side? It has a couple of points to be against. (6)
24 Is found in drink, according to the religious passage. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1463

ACROSS: 1 Joint ownership; 9 and 15 Room and board; 10 Extreme; 11 Sailor; 12 Accretes; 14 Sutures; 17 Motto; 19 Nannies; 21 Parsnips; 23 Alpaca; 25 Amnesia; 26 Readied; 27 Good-for-nothing. DOWN: 1 Jerusalem; 2 Ivories; 3 Tea for Two; 4 Wide; 5 Exercising; 6 Satyr; 7 Inertia; 8 and 21 Newspeak; 13 Grand piano; 15 Brilliant; 16 Dog-eat-dog; 18 Toronto; 20 Swahili; 22 Nosed; 24 Grin.

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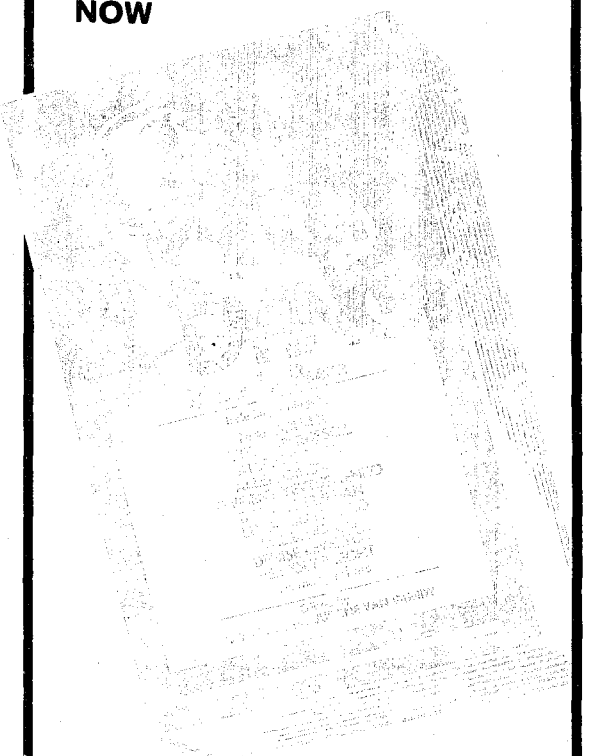

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